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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

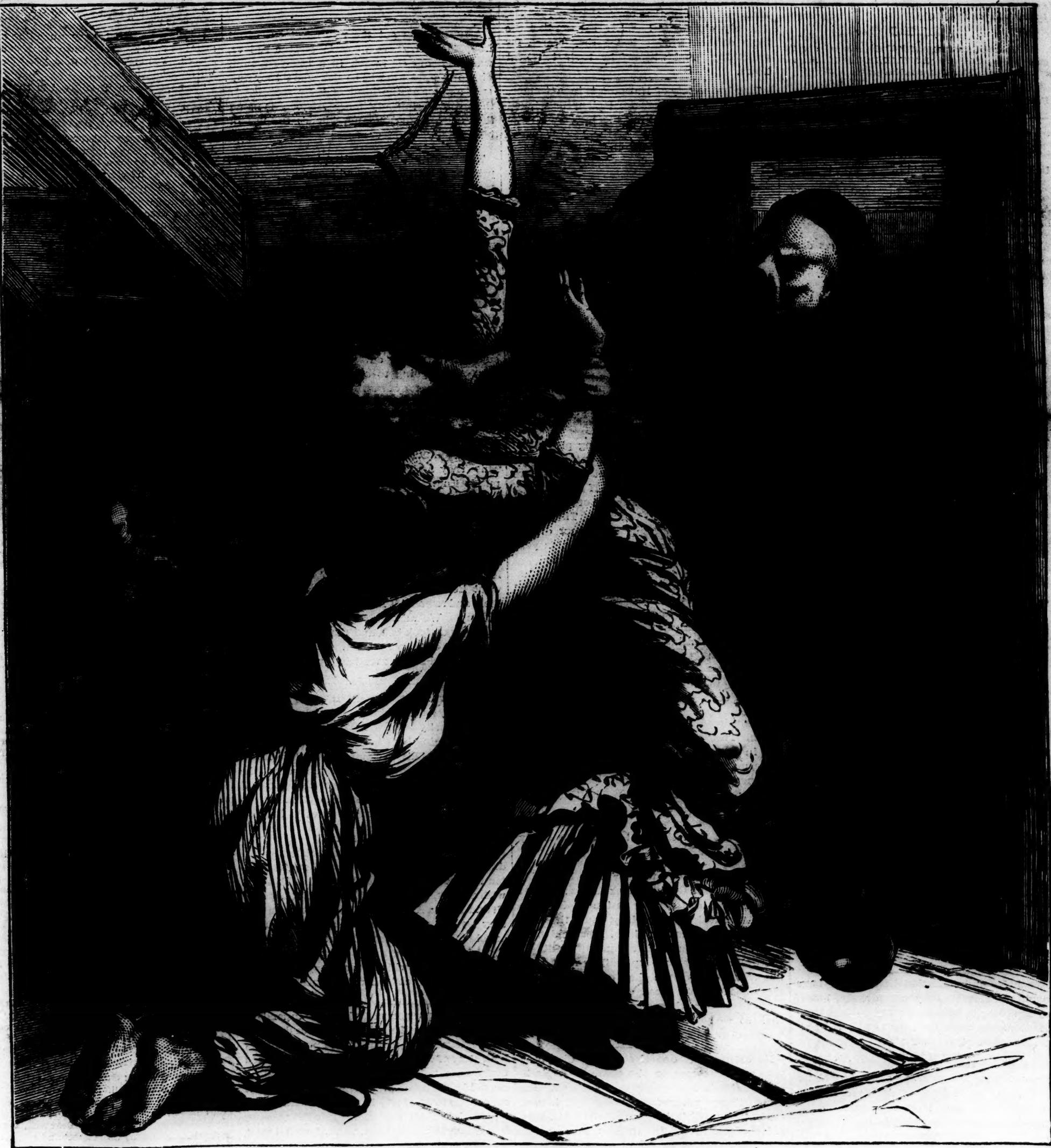
THE LEADING  
ILLUSTRATED  
SPORTING  
JOURNAL OF AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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IN THE GRIP OF THE FIENDS.

HOW FAIR VICTIMS ARE LURED AND DRAGGED INTO THE CHINESE OPIUM DENS OF NEW YORK, TO DREAM AWAY THEIR LIVES AND  
WRECK BOTH HEALTH AND HONOR IN THE HANDS OF BARBARIAN WRETCHES.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - - Editor and Proprietor.  
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, August 9, 1884.

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THE POLICE GAZETTE  
AND

WEEK'S DOINGS

The Greatest Sporting, Theatrical and Sensational Papers in America, send to any address in one-wrapping for three months on receipt of

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

THERE are no flies on us.

THERE is a moral lesson in our report of the Baltimore tragedy. Read it.

THE devil has the bulge in Brooklyn again. All the parsons are away, and Satan has the brethren and sisters by the short hair.

WE'LL bet the POLICE GAZETTE has done more harm to vice than all the loud-mouthed railers against us have ever accomplished.

If the boys didn't "chin" we suppose they couldn't fight; so we bespeak the public's patience for the loud talkers of pugilistic circles.

WE knew some pestilence would come on Europe when we noted year after year the quality of American asses let loose on the devoted land.

CONEY ISLAND is no longer the bonanza it used to be. The greed of the myriad speculators there seems to have sickened a great part of the public.

WONDER if the health officers will quarantine the tony cabin passengers when they come back from cholera-infested Europe? Guess not. Money is mighty.

How exceedingly well the parsons have covered their tracks lately. Though several have been accused, not one of them has been squarely found out for a month.

THE saddest of sights these summer days is the crowd of suffering hopeless actors lounging about Union square laying for drinks. This is one of the awful penalties of art.

REMARK that they are feasting and praising the officers of the Greely relief ships, but they have no word of commendation for the common sailors. Weren't they gallant, too?

WHEN a man comes around wanting to borrow money of you because he's a traveling agent of the POLICE GAZETTE, kick him—one for yourself and several hard ones for us.

THE "knocking out" goes on merrily, and we feel tickled over it. We and our followers don't languish for a cent, no matter what our too moral and very jealous enemies may have to say against us.

THE negro who knew Gen. Washington isn't dead yet. Another of him has turned up in Tennessee. What an acquaintance the father of his country must have had among the pickaninnies of his time.

THE dudes and imitation Englishmen have brought us enough annoyance already, but if they are going to bring back the cholera from their European tours that, we take it, will be a little too much. Quarantine 'em.

TALK about the POLICE GAZETTE! Whew! Suppose it were to copy some of the foul abuse published in the "reputable" daily press about politicians. We only have to remark to the moralists that consistency is a jewel.

WE have a paper to be proud of this week. It photographs all the leading events of the day without distortion, and treats of live events in a live manner. We publish a journal for the living men of to-day—not for mummies who will not rest in the tombs where they belong.

THE POLICE GAZETTE has not the graceful gait of carpet-knight journalism, perhaps; it can't amble and dawdle worth shucks, but it's got the "git that," go-as-you-please gait down to the queen's taste, and it "gits that" every time.

YES, we do "want the world." We don't deny it; and the POLICE GAZETTE keeps on capturing it piecemeal every week. When we take it all in, then we'll look for new worlds to conquer. We're of the kind that is never satisfied.

THE London public find Daly's American company "quaint" in their speech and manners. They can't get used to their Sixth avenue *patois*. But how do the cockneys suppose we bear with the drawl of the actors they send us? That is more than quaint—it is damnable.

THE season of elopements seems to have been begun very early in Brooklyn this year. The wives have begun to skip away already, during the vacation season—and when the parsons are out of town, too. It must be the cool summer that precipitates these fall fashions on us.

WOULD you believe it! There are some deacons who refuse to patronize a barber-shop that does not keep the POLICE GAZETTE on file. The sly old rogues! Their sins are like the hairs of their heads; hence they search for something "real wicked" in their tonsorial hours.

THE first society of Newport is in a tremor. The grass widows there are legion, the wicked girls of New York having the bulge with the "hubbles." The threat of the "tony" wives to try the off-color racket themselves is what agitated the dudsque circles. Oh, my! It would be awful, wouldn't it?

IT wouldn't be a bad scheme to give the Brooklyn bridge police an hour off every day for flirtation purposes. It must make them feel real bad to steal the moments of tender dalliance from the very heart of their hours of prosaic labor. Give the boys a chance at the beauties who parade themselves alluringly before them.

THE dudes haven't donned their red coats and hunted the aniseed-bag on Long Island come this season. They say farmers are laying for them with shotguns. May be that's the reason the hunting season languishes. What a pity the huntsmen were warned. The farmers might have had some sport, and there would have been fewer dudes.

THE actors, poor things, having played all the jokes possible on the worn-out subject of the dudes, are languishing about Union square for fresh subjects of their wit. If there is anything sickening it is the attempt of this brainless mob of loungers to be funny. They are in full feather when "guying" some poor drunkard, but money is scarce with them this year and they find subjects of this kind scarce.

WHAT kind of girls do they have in Baltimore, anyhow, that young men go crazy about them and commit idiotic deeds of crime such as that of Hazeltine, reported in another column? The Baltimore beauties were always famous, but this is the first time it has appeared that the off-color ones are dangerous. This is a warning to drummers. Stick to your Chicago samples, boys, and don't take in Baltimore.

THOSE dreadful dude sailors of ours are loose again. They are shooting all over the lower bay in boats and yachts these fair summer days, making it probable for the rest of us who never know where there is to be a collision. Sometimes these fellows upset, but they never drown. That's the trouble. They drown other fellows and escape themselves. Can't the nautical fools be locked up to insure the safety of the rest of the world?

How the public has outgrown hypocrisy since the POLICE GAZETTE took things in hand! Even in ring matters, for instance. How we have exploded the humbugs and the false pretenses of the magic circle. That old nonsense, say, of the pugilist "coming up smiling." Our fighters don't come up smiling nowadays, but frowning, because they mean fight, and that's not funny business. Heroes don't come up smiling—only clowns and hippodromers do that—so we put a stop to the cachinnatory branch of pugilism at an early day.

No sooner does one electric girl disappear than another comes on the scene. Georgia is equal to the task of supplying the demand for this thrilling quality of dry goods. Did it ever strike the moralist, though, that there is a base order of electricity in these miscellaneous skirmishes between a young woman and all comers of the opposite sex? We think Wallock's has fallen pretty low when its stage is given up to wrestling matches 'twixt a young woman and all comers. This may be prurient, but then it's logical.

NEXT to being a parson or a superintendent of a Sunday-school, if you are intent on flirtations, is the post of conductor on a sleeping-car, or the clerk of a North river steamer. What larks! But we're not giving things away.

OUR rustic friends will get along very well when they come to town if they resign their ambition to paint the Bowery red. The colors will not stick on the east side as they do in Malariville and Frogtown, where the fighting deacons hall from. Paste this in your hat when you're starting for Gotham.

IF these politicians could only fight it out Marquis of Queensberry, how much trouble and financial loss it would spare the people. And the result would be more satisfactory, as the process would be more exciting. May be that's what the politician of the future will do, but the politician of to-day isn't that sort.

WASHINGTON girls have lately acquired a taste for coon. They have taken to eloping with them, and then their dads start out with shotguns and shoot them down in the height of the honeymoon. There's no rest for our colored brethren, anyway. If the white men don't go for them the women do, and both are equally fatal.

AMERICA has got the unkindest cut of all from England. Last week Myers, the runner, was laid out by Snook in a 1,000-yard spin. The tony amateurs will be sick when they find such a name at the head of their records. If they can't bring any more aristocratic name than that from England, where's the use in being "tony" amateurs?

THE quality of originality, joined to enterprise and both literary and journalistic merit, make the *Sunday Dispatch* of New York a journal worthy of this advanced age. It is a credit to its able editor, Mr. Holmes. Our readers, who are up with the times, and who of course wish to keep there, should read this paper. Our advice is always good. Try it.

EVER since we took up the turf, the ring and the national game they have been growing in popularity. What were they before our time? We're tired of waiting for the rest of the world to do us justice, so we call attention to our superlative merits ourselves. Modesty doesn't pay. We're going to abandon it in business affairs and go for our own "bald-headed."

WE are the best ally of the moral and philanthropic societies, whether they acknowledge it or not. We have a larger record, even, of villains discomfited and rogues brought to justice. This they are beginning to find out. The public knew it, though, a long while ago. It was only our modesty prevented it being talked of more; but we've happily got over all that.

A CHATTY correspondent gives us some points this week on the painfully moral methods of life enforced at Asbury Park. As a sample of what heaven is to be when these saints get there and remodel it for us, the article will repay reading. We acknowledge we consider the heavenly outlook bad, and that we shrink from passing an eternity in a Paradise modeled on such principles. But read and judge for yourself.

THERE'S music in that little Jap of ours. Sorakichi says with grim Japanese wit that he intends shortly to leave for Japan, with the design of bringing back here a great athlete and knocker-out of his own country named Gorano. Matsada proposes to back him against the Boston champion, and declares that "he will knock Sullivan so far that his clothes will be out of fashion when he gets back." Let our sluggers tremble.

THE Arabs are reported to have slaughtered a dramatic troupe in Africa. Now that the fashion has been set, the wild West will take it up with avidity, we have no doubt. Maggie Mitchell and Emma Abbott had better be careful how they lay out their routes next season. They are old offenders, and should retire to pray in thankfulness for the many escapes they have had already. It will be tempting Providence if they take the road when the Arab fashion is in vogue.

THE officious persons who offer to send us portraits of illegitimate children and the alleged mistresses of distinguished politicians on both sides of the political fence, are informed that we are not in that line of business. We are not in the political wrangle at all, but if ever we do take a part, it will be with clean hands. We shall not sneak into the arena to stab gentlemen in the back, no matter what their political faith. The POLICE GAZETTE is honest, just and polite, after its own notions of honor and etiquette. It leaves to papers of more pretensions to refinement such dirty work as this. Our correspondents have mistaken their man and their paper—that is a

FLASHES OF FUN.

Specimens of Wit and Humor Collected From Many Sources.

"THIS is too thin," remarked De Jones when he came afoul of a tooth in his pie at his boarding-house.

WHY is a girl who takes out foundlings to ride in a baby carriage like a traveler? Because she is a walfairer.

WE are establishing a little private morgue in our back yard for weather prophets who ask, "Is this hot enough for you?"

"MAMMA, I'm afraid our dog is going to have the bives." "What makes you think so, Freddie?" "Why, I saw him eat two bees this afternoon."

"DO you have many zephyrs like this?" asked a facetious New Yorker of a Western man, just after a cyclone. "Oh, yes; it happens zephyr week or so."

"IN the bright lexicon of our girls during the ice-cream season," mournfully muses a Boston editor, "there isn't any such expression as 'No, I thank you.'"

EDITH asks: "Will you please send me a recipe for a nice home-made pie?" Yes, Edith, we will send the recipe in the very first mail after we receive the pie.

THERE will be music in the wild waves of the seaside this summer. The new style of bathing suit for women will be composed of "a red serge skirt with accordion plait."

CHOOSING a wife is very much like ordering a meal in a Paris restaurant when you don't understand French. You may not get what you want, but you will get something.

"PAPA'S Home To-night," is the title of a new song. It will be very useful for the young lady, on such occasions, to sit by the open window and sing to George as a pointer.

NOTHING is too great for American enterprise. A wild-looking man is lecturing out in Iowa upon his project of towing down the moon and starting a big cheese sandwich factory.

"WHY do girls wear white dresses at picnics?" asks an exchange. Presumably for the same reason that they wear dresses of other colors. Customs have changed since the time of Adam and Eve.

"OH!" exclaimed Miss Gushington, looking at the portrait, "how natural those eyes are! They look as though they were alive!" "Yes," replied Charles, "it is life's eyes picture, you know."

IT is related of a Chicago young woman and a Chinese lady that, on being introduced, they looked at each other's feet, and then both fainted away—the former from mortification and the latter from fright.

"OH, what shall I drink or will I kiss?" asks a New York poet. Now, if we were a New York poet, it seems as if we should do both, but take the kiss first and the drink afterward, out of consideration for the girl.

"DO you know what the board over that cow's face is for?" asked the colonel. "No," responded the major, "unless it is to keep her bluses from being seen when the milkman works the pump handle."

"ALONZO, dear, do you believe in ghosts?" she asked, dreamily. "No, darling, I do not," he replied. "Well, Alonzo, that ghosts to show you are not superstitious." Then they fell into sweet, calm sleep.

OUR dude artist met Len Kidwell the other day, and got to talking about drinks. Our pencil-pusher emphatically stated that he always drank soda. "Yes," said Kidwell, "soda I." But they drank seltzer that trip.

THE latest wrinkle among the sporting and horsey ladies of the period is to wear their railway tickets stuck in the band of their turbans or Derby hats when on a journey. They say it looks so chic, "just like a man."

SHE was looking for pieces for a crazy quilt. "Couldn't you tear off a few little pieces from those silk patterns?" "I should be delighted to do so," replied the clerk, "but, you see, this house is in favor of a tear-off for revenue only."

A LITTLE five-year-old miss of the Stock Yards district somewhat surprised her mamma this morning by the mature remark: "God is everywhere, mamma; He's all over me, and you mustn't spank me, 'cause if you do, you spank God."

Now doth the man at early dawn,  
Awake and rub his eyes;  
He beats the air with empty hand.

And what he says of flies  
is altogether too vigorously profane for this great moral engine to publish.

A FRENCH savant has discovered that the frequent use of vanilla causes a disease which is called "vanillism." Don't forget this, young man, when your girl casually refers to the fact that vanilla ice-cream is in season, and you haven't but thirteen cents to your back.

THEY got mad at each other on the way home from school, and as one of them turned in at her street she called out: "Humph! Who cares for you? We are going to have the electric light in our house." "You don't!" "Why?" "Cause it would show the pimples on your mother's face!"

AT Augusta, Ga., the other day, lightning struck a hen that was sitting on a nest of eggs. When that thunderbolt got out of the hen-house it looked as though it had been drawn through a sausage-machine, and the way it scooted for the cloud was a caution. Bet you it'll never strike a setting hen again.

RELIGIOUS JOKE: Some time since a gentleman died, who, during life, refused to believe in any future punishment. Two or three weeks after his death his wife received through a spiritual medium the following communication: "Dear wife, I now believe. Please send my thin clothes and a barrel of ice-water."

ANYTHING of importance happened while you've been gone?" said the Vermont man to his neighbor just back from a journey. "I should say there had: I've had two bens die, my dog killed a woodchuck, and Deacon Tidd swapped horses with a Frenchman. Oh, this town has been lively."

## STAGE WHISPERS.

Scores of American Fakes Passing Their Vacation in London.

The Union Square Saloons Languish, While the London Barmaids Scoop in the Actors' Beer Money.

LANGTRY.—Mrs. Langtry's latest "mash" is a youthful Chinaman. He is almost as good-looking as Gebhard and twice as intelligent as Oelrichs.

BISHOP.—Charley Bishop has grown so stout that in the next play in which he goes starring he represents a baby elephant, which talks and sings and dances.

MARTINOT.—It is a significant comment on the "profession" that Sadie Martinot, who has not played an engagement in months, is announced as "resting" in the Catskills.

SWAIN.—Carrie Swain is going to be married again. The name of the adventurous, not to say foolhardy bridegroom, hasn't leaked out yet. It will come out in print, however, all in good time.

DORIS.—Three times already this season has the big circus tent of Doris Brothers' show been blown over. This fact has given rise to the mistaken report that Joe Tooker is the "blower" of the show.

CAZARAN.—It is semi-officially announced that Mr. Augustus Riel Cazaran designs to paint the town red. Rumor has it that he has already commenced the rubefacient operation on his own nose.

RISTORI.—Ristori is actually coming back for another series of farewells. Joe Brooks has sailed to fetch her. The old lady is said to be remarkably strong for her years, and is sprouting a third set of natural teeth for her American tour.

WARD.—Genevieve Ward is said to have lost a good deal of money by the failure of the Oriental Bank in London. The report is construed by those who know Jenny into a dreadful hint that she intends to come another "farewell tour" on us all.

WILEY.—Dora Wiley, whose tights are said to measure 130 inches in diameter in their most important part, has come back from England with her husband, one Dick Golden, a very amusing comedian. Dora is as clever and artistic as she is broad in beam.

QUEER.—A dramatic newspaper gives it as the reason of one Lester Bishop's attempted suicide that he is a cousin of Col. Alston Browne. This is a strange assertion to make at the expense of such a genial and gifted gentleman as the gallant colonel.

SNOOK.—A Chicago enthusiast, rejoicing in the name of Lawrence Snook, has written a play which he calls "American Style." People who have listened to it out of kindness to the author, think that Mr. Snook will never get over his "American Style."

WALLACK.—The front of Wallack's theatre is going to be built up at last. Innocent visitors from the country, who have been in the habit of mistaking the most aristocratic place of amusement on this continent for a gospel-tent, will be no longer deceived.

CUFFS.—Mr. Erwood, the young actor who was charged with stealing fourteen cents' worth of cuffs from a gent's furnishing store, has brought suit against his prosecutor for false imprisonment. He says he not only didn't take the cuffs, but he unjustly got what he didn't want—the collar.

PINAFORE.—In Dayton, Ohio, they are hearing "Pinafore" for the first time. Excursion trains are run thither from all points crowded with people eager to see somebody laugh over "What, never?" and all the other ancient gags. The Daytonian audiences obligingly supply all the fun in this respect.

TILDEN.—Len Ellsworth Tilden, the nephew of his granduncle, has written a play. He calls it "The Emigrant's Daughter," and it is said to more than justify the counting out of the original Tilden. Rutherford Hayes figures in it as a bad pirate, and even Evarts and his forefinger are alluded to.

KENDALL.—Mr. Edward Kendall is the name of a young actor who was so popular in San Francisco, on account, as he himself alleges, of his extraordinary beauty, that he could not stir abroad on the streets without being followed by an admiring crowd. We shall soon see if Mr. Kendall's claims are well founded.

MANSFIELD.—Richard Swellhead Mansfield has at last found a short and speedy cut out of the vicissitudes of an actor's life. He has engaged George Fawcett Rowe to write a play for him. If this doesn't settle Richard Swellhead's hash it will be hard to tell what will. Imagine Mansfield starring in a "comedy" by Rowe!

MCGIBNEY.—"The McGibney family has just closed a season of forty-seven weeks," says an out-of-town paragrapher. One of the McGibney family got through with the show business in much less time. He was Thomas of that ilk, the adventurous "backer" of Miss Mary Blackburn and "On the Yellowback."

DONNELLY.—The fascinating John Donnelly, of the Bijou Opera House, has made up his mind to be a manager on his own account. Fortune, being of the female sex, is kind to John, and we are having an unusually cool summer just because Mr. Donnelly is going to try his "prentice hand at management during the dog-days."

FEELING.—A San Francisco writer of theatrical items thus feelingly alludes to the death of a little child: "The kid used in 'Confusion' by Nat Goodwin during his recent engagement at the Baldwin has shuffled off this mortal coil and joined the angels." It is a safe bet that the humane person who wrote that paragraph is a married actor with a family.

GROVER.—Len. Grover has changed his venue, so to speak. He no longer tackles the bounding tiger, but opposes all his energies and skill as "an infallible combinationist" to the great American pool-seller. So "ar Leonard has not caught on to any important money, but he lives in hopes. Meantime "the local credit is strained to the ultimate point of tension."

REILLEY.—One young woman who went on the stage to earn an honest living has had the courage to stick by her real name and appear in the legitimate

drama as Josephine Reilley. She is no relation to Miss Martha O'Reilly, who, with less sense and courage, calls herself Miss Bertha Welby, and modestly announces that she is "the greatest and most beautiful of living actresses."

RUSSELL.—Poor little Lillian Russell, dead broke and utterly friendless, deserted by Solomon and looking thin and miserable, is about to come home in search of an engagement. Her spirit is utterly crushed and her beauty and vivacity have been seriously affected by her troubles. Here is a chance for the dudes to show their mettle. Let them give her a reception and a benefit.

LAWRENCE.—Atkins Lawrence owned, among other things, a steam launch which recently broke away from its moorings on the Delaware river, and has not been heard of since. The general impression that the sheriff had something to do with its mysterious disappearance, is scouted by Mr. Lawrence, who, by the way, was once a partner of W. E. Sheridan's in the livery business.

MAJOR.—A musician named Major had his nose broken in the recent collision on the Brooklyn, Bath and Coney Island Railroad, and now declares, in a mif or key, that he won't travel on that line if it takes him all summer to get to Manhattan Beach on any other. The fact that he played "Sweet Violets" as a solo in a theatrical orchestra will count heavily against him when he sues for damages.

MORRISSEY.—Jemima W. Morrissey, the late manager of "Romany Rye," takes charge of Rhea in January. With the usual gratitude of her sex and profession, now that Rhea is "off" with Arthur Chase, the manager who made her, she is slyly circulating hints that Chase's pecuniary record isn't exactly "square." If Chase is half a man he will make "the society favorite" take back her accusation or prove it.

MCCAULL.—Brigadier-General John A. McCaull has done so much to promote the law business all over the country, that a grand national bar dinner to that great musical litigant is on the carpet. In every city in the United States some worthy attorney makes an annual fortune by representing the gallant brigadier in the local law courts. As a rule, the brigadier wins his cases and his counsel are correspondingly wealthy.

BACK AGAIN.—Dion Boucicault, who seems as uneasy as a wart-hog or a Mother Carey's chicken, is once more on the Atlantic. It seems only a week ago that he went to London "to manage a theatre for a prolonged season, and bring out several Irish plays, including the 'Nine Lives of Sin McCoul'"—and lo! and behold! here he is back again! Poor old Bouc! He is getting too old and infirm to be shaken about in this manner!

MALLORY.—Mr. Marshal M. Mallory, the real and sole owner of the Madison Square theatre (Dr. Mallory is only his brother and adviser, and is in no degree a partner), has shaved his beard and taken lessons in sparring. If he were about two feet taller and sixty pounds heavier Mr. Mallory would not only be a very handsome man, but be able to give a good account of himself—say, as against a heavy hitter like Dan Frohman.

MENDUM.—Charlie Mendum, Mrs. Langtry's manager, has become a perfect English dude. He wears garments of the prevailing British patterns and changes his clothes twice a day. In fact it is more than hinted that Charles is the "swell" who is constantly mistaken for young Oelrichs and Freddy Gebhard in Mrs. Langtry's company. If such be the case, Charlie ought to charge extra salary for such humiliating services.

MOORE.—"Pony" Moore had recovered so slightly from his honeymoon that when he got back to London he was arrested by an officious policeman for fast driving. His friends proved—a very easy matter, by the way—that "Pony" was very eccentric, and the obliging magistrate released the great minstrel with a profound apology. "Pony" will now be more than ever fortified in his assertion that he "runs the bloody town."

KELLY.—W. W. Kelly, a bright, sharp, quick-witted fellow, who can "hustle" a play against anybody living, no matter how bad it may be, is on the war-path looking for Willie Ferguson, the original stage dude. Ferguson has been saying some disagreeable things about Kelly and Kelly means to hold him personally responsible for the same. If Kelly sheds much of William's gore there won't be enough left to carry Ferguson through next season.

SHERIDAN.—W. E. Sheridan, who never played in New York without "getting it in the neck," so to speak, is the idol of San Francisco. He lives on the fat of the land, drives fast horses, and is prominent in "swell" society. The only thing which alarms his friends is the announcement that he has signed a contract with John Stetson and that "Gentleman John" will pilot him round the country as a Shakespearean star. They justly regard it as bad news.

COGHLAN.—Rose Coghlan has arrived in England, and the wife of Auctioneer Draper (who passes for a "heavy swell" in New York) is amazed at the sort of society into which she is introduced by the gay "Rosamond," in return for her own sponsorships offices in Gotham. "Rose knows the queerest people" must be the burden of her complaint. She has not, however, been invited as yet to Marlborough House or Buckingham Palace on the fair Coghlan's account.

EMMETT.—The heart of that great "artist," Joe Emmett, is all but broken. An audacious fellow has arrived from England—and he is a low variety performer at that—who has brought over with him a St. Bernard dog "three feet larger every way" than the expensive canine of "Fritz." The variety performer scarcely intends to say, we take it, that his dog has seven feet as against the four of Emmett's quadruped. But there's no telling. We must wait and see.

BELASCO.—"Dave" Belasco has struck London at last. He was immediately introduced by the local representative of the Frohman Brethren as the American Shakespeare, and modestly claimed, in the course of an interview, to have written every new and original play recently produced in the United States. It is understood by the Brethren that he has signed a contract to write a new play for each of the London theatres, and that the Prince of Wales has requested him to get up some private theatricals at Marlborough House. Belasco will then have his wife run over—in the newspapers—and then come home as celebrated abroad as he is in his own country.

RAYMOND.—John T. Raymond has gone to Europe to fill in the summer with the exhibition of his "honest farmer" racket in London. George Tyler

was the original inventor of the game, and, strange to say, Hermann, the juggler, was its first victim. Hermann went almost crazy (he had lost \$375) before he found out where the joke came in. Raymond, by the way, was very much annoyed by the refusal of the manager of the Inman Line to "match" him for the price of his passage.

DEVERE.—This time his name is Devere, and he is accused of persuading two young girls in short frocks to leave their parents and their homes to go round the country with him as members of a "tent" show. Some day an indignant father or brother will take the law in his own hands and kill one of the actor-abductors like a mad dog. Then a jury will bring in a verdict of "served him right," and the profession will stop "mashing" school-girls for a little while.

STAFFORD.—William Stafford, an otherwise harmless young man, labors under the pitiable hallucination that he is a tragedian, and can "knock the socks off" (to quote Harry Sargent's graceful expression) any other tragedian on the stage, barring John L. Burleigh. His friends have reasoned with him in vain—but as he is to be married next week to a young lady whose father is an assistant district attorney, there is reason to hope that he may even yet be restored to sanity and general esteem.

PROFESSIONAL.—One of the tricks of the trade is to give "a professional matinee" when the outside public can't be coaxed to see the show even on a "complimentary" basis. Actors and actresses jump at every chance to show themselves off in private, and the gullible public pays, with delight, to see the profession of duty. Ada Ward, the last surviving relic of the George Edgar syndicate, is working this "professional" racket for all it is worth in London. There the trick is comparatively new, and collars the ducats every time.

WYNDHAM.—It is said that Charles Wyndham is very sick, probably dying, at a German watering-place. His complaint is an affection of the stomach, brought on by high if not fast living, and is of the nature of a cancer. All through his American tour he lived on soda-water and milk. And yet, such is the irony of Fate, Wyndham's father, Culverwell, was one of the most celebrated quack doctors in London. He was the original Dr. Kahn, of Kahn's Museum, and used to advertise himself as an infallible physician.

ST. MAUR.—"Jack" St. Maur, a jolly Englishman, who used to be an officer in the British navy, is likely to be the next manager of that gorgeous old barn, the Philadelphia Academy of Music. The choice is a good one if it be a good thing to put a live man in a museum—the only thing possible to urge against St. Maur being the fact that he was one of the original "farewellers" of Tom O'Sullivan (Tomaso Salvini). At all events, if St. Maur gets the place he will be removed out of the reach of any temptation to exhibit O'Sullivan on another "farewell American tour."

HURST.—The amazing success of Lulu Hurst at Wallack's impels Theodore Moss to declare that he has made more money with her so far than with any dramatic attraction in the same number of weeks.

There is more "draw" apparently in a Georgia Wonder than a London pet. So delighted is the "Guy-nor" with the Hurst boom that he is accused of an intention to convert the Star theatre into an aristocratic dime museum next year. Arthur will be manager, and has already, so says report, received proposals for engagement from prominent and popular freaks.

STAMWITZ.—Mme. Liska Von Stamwitz was one of the many German "heavy leading women" who came over here to give Fanny Janauschek a tussle. She fizzled along for several years without being heard of, and at last turned up in the fearful and not wonderful, but utterly commonplace "Alpine Roses" of Brother Boyesen. Since that she can't catch a six-ounce pickelrel without having it announced in the newspapers that "Mlle. (she is a mademoiselle now, mark you,) Von Stamwitz, of the Madison Square theatre, is a passionate and successful devotee of the gentle art."

HARRISON.—Duncan Harrison, brother of the charming Maude of that ilk, has at last gone into the theatrical profession. Not long ago Duncan wiped the floor of the Grand Hotel with the portly person of George Alfred Townsend, and only last week rescued three ladies from sudden death by stopping a runaway pair of horses in their headlong flight. The first performance undoubtedly took place. The second legend reads suspiciously as if Duncan had resolved to signalize his debut as an actor with one of the "gags" with which female stars are wont to endear themselves to the public.

BOLIVAR.—Our own Bolivar Byron wasn't forty-eight hours old in London before he hit upon a new and original advertisement for himself. He went to Westminster Abbey and placed a wreath of flowers on the bust of Longfellow. The vipers of the cathedral regarded him with astonishment, and so did Ed. Kidder, who saw the transaction. Kidder says that Bolivar thought he was honoring the celebrated race-horse of the same name, and was much chagrined to find he had wasted his flowers on a poet whom he had never so much as heard of. And yet Bolivar isn't so much of an actor that you would suspect him of such lamentable ignorance.

OF COURSE.—A gentleman named Gerow, who had hitherto lived an innocent and blameless life, in a rash moment consented to "back" a West Indian manager, who had determined on harassing Jamaica with a theatrical company to include Barton Hill, Mark the quick vengeance of heaven! No sooner did Gerow declare his purpose of going to Jamaica with the company than a young woman had him arrested for breach of promise of marriage and caused his imprisonment in Ludlow Street Jail! The glad news that the manager won't be "backed," and that his company isn't coming, has been telegraphed to Jamaica. The inhabitants are so grateful that they already talk of presenting the girl with \$1,000 in gold.

NILSSON.—When the Swedish Sappho left these hospitable shores she wept bitterly over parting with her American friends. She had never been so happy in her life as she had been in this country. She wouldn't leave it for a day only she had business in Europe, and she would be back by the next steamer, and so on, and so on, and so on ad nauseum. But now she is over the water and her American friends are still glowing over her affection and loyalty. She wants it understood that the manager who wants her to sing in opera in the United States, must pay her \$1,000 a night more than she got last year. It is pleasant to observe that no manager seems in any hurry to do so.

## THE CURSE OF OPIUM.

The Chinese Fiends of the Joints and their Besotted Victims.

[Subject of Illustration.]

While busybodies are moving heaven and earth to prevent even the legitimate traffic in rum, they seem to have passed by with only a cursory glance the greater evil of opium.

They do not care to engage in the arduous task of dealing with this ulcer on the fair body of our metropolis, and seem quite willing that the sore shall be covered up with fair outward seeming, and passed by. But the evil is there all the same, and it is growing to such proportions and taking in victims from such high places, that it must sooner or later be met in open warfare. The evil so long ignored, though, will be found grown to a giant of wondrous strength and terror by the time the tardy philanthropists make up their minds to fight it. Then, if, in the first onslaught, they get the worst of it, there will be no one to blame but themselves.

Let them drop their enemy rum, for here is a greater evil, a stronger foe to test their strength.

And the clutch it is getting on our people! Poor weak human nature, how it is enslaved on all hands!

Did you ever have the curiosity to penetrate into one of these Chinese opium joints? No? Then you have missed a sensation which, though an unpleasant one, would add something to your general education and knowledge of the world. You might at any hour find in the subterranean resorts of the morphin-maddened devotees a sight to fill you with mingled wonder and horror. You would find young women-rich young women, of good society, too—laid out on shelves under the influence of the insidious pipe-merchants, brokers, art's, writers, men of worth and brain, all deep in the stupor of the drug, and all mingled in utter disregard of modesty or social barriers. Over this scene presides a bestial Chinaman, who makes a rich income from the vice of these young women and men, who should be an honor to their land, but who are doomed to dream away their useless lives in rosy visions that speedily end in the embrace of the grim skeleton, Death. Nameless crimes are quoted against the heathen keepers of these opium dens, including the ruin of young women in scores, but there seems no way of repressing the business or of breaking up the dens in which these iniquities are possible and of every-day occurrence. Most of our young actresses are the victims of this opium-smoking habit. They make up parties, male and female, to visit the joints three times a week, especially in their vacation months, and meet there artists, authors, brain-workers, financiers—all of the best, and the heterogeneous crowd, men and women, lie stupid for hours in the soul-destroying intoxication of the accused drug.

Rum, indeed! With all its crimes, all the deaths that can be charged to it, it has not one-half the terrors and the dangers of this new demon that threatens to enslave, not the degraded and the unfortunate who fall victims to rum, but the loveliest and the best of our social family.

We turn from the picture in horror. Look you, philanthropists, at the at the unwonted sight we present, you, and say is drunkenness the deepest degradation, the most terrible curse of life.

JOHN TEEMER, THE SCULLER.

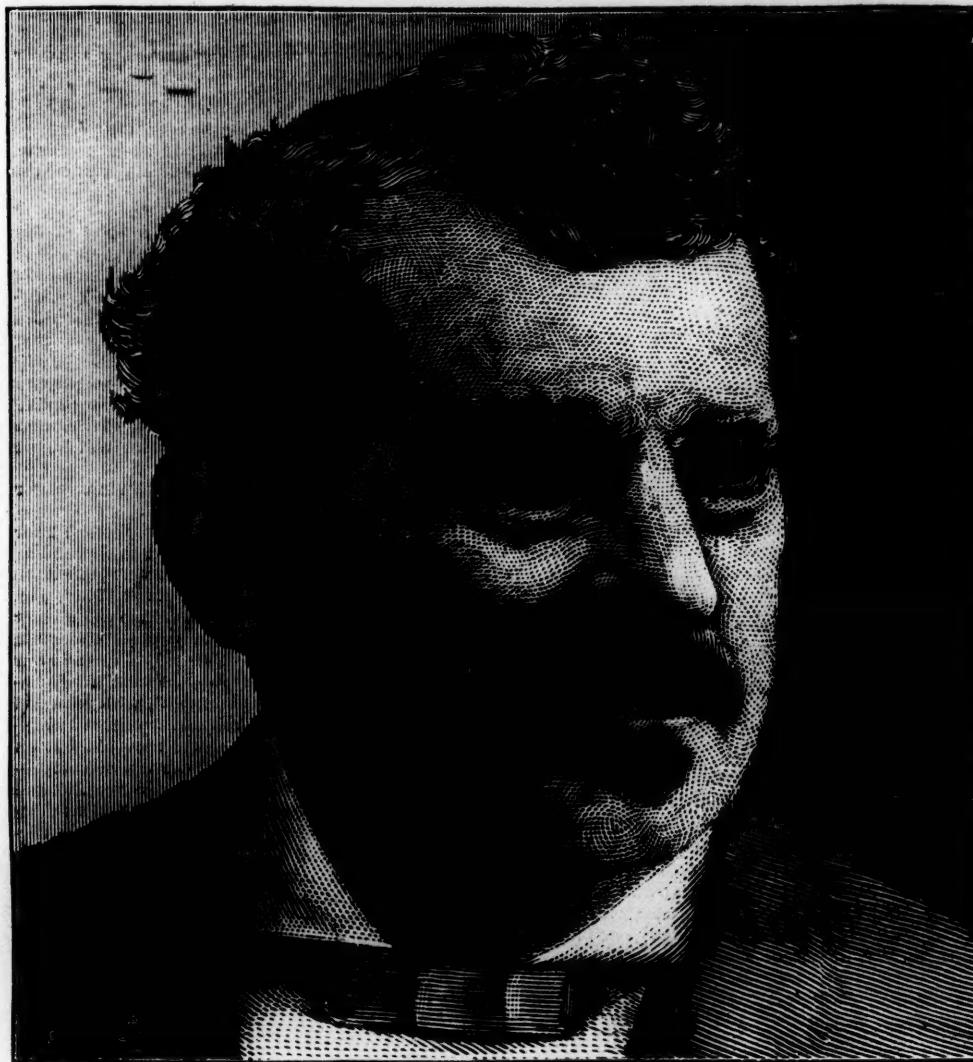
The Young Man of McKeesport, Pa., Who Has Pulled to the Front of the Oarsmen.

[With Portrait.]

The attention of the sporting world has been called more earnestly than ever this season to the young sculler whose name forms the caption of this article. His brilliant and honest record, indeed, warrants all the hopes of his friends, and the pleasant things that are said of him by the sports and the press.

Teemer was born at McKeesport, Pa., on July 8, 1864. He is 5 feet 8 inches in height, and in condition, weighs 132 pounds. He began rowing races in 1882, entering four races with local oarsmen. Of these he won two and lost two—which every one agreed was a very good beginning, and from which many auguries of a brilliant future were drawn. Ever since he has been earnestly justifying these predictions, of the knowing ones, his record being a very brilliant one indeed.

The first open regatta in which he competed was at Pullman, Ill., on June 22. He came in third, Hosmer and Riley being first and second, but Plaisted and Kennedy came after him. This was another big achievement for the youngster. He afterward defeated Geo. W. Lee. On August 20 he defeated Wallace Ross and Hosmer at Fall River, Mass.; on August 24, in another trial, he rowed second to Wallace Ross, and last fall won an open race in which there were twelve starters—first-class ones in every respect. He is matched to row Ross at Oak Point on August 2, this year, for a big stake, and the sports are all excited about it, for his record is a guarantee



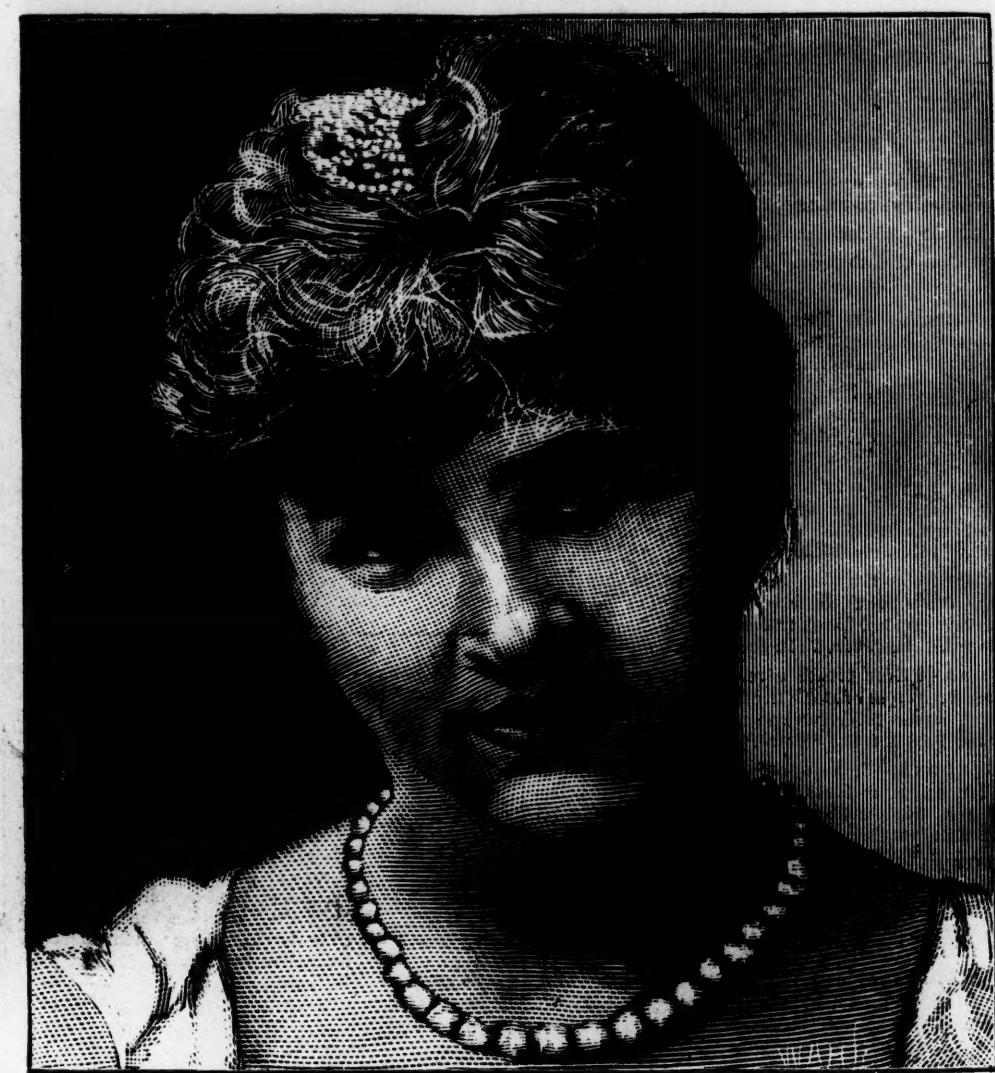
"PONY" MOORE.

THE AMERICAN MINSTREL AND MILLIONAIRE MANAGER, OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

**"Pony" Moore.**

George Washington Moore, familiarly spoken of by his friends as "Pony" Moore, was born in New York city fifty-eight years ago, and began business life at the foot of the ladder. He began as a poor cash-boy, but adopted the negro minstrel business when it was in its prime. About twenty-five

years ago he went with a small party of minstrels, most of whom are now dead, to seek his fortune in England. After roving about Europe for several years with different "nigger" bands, as they are called there, Mr. Moore started as a manager in St. James' Hall, in London, where he has remained ever since, and there amassed his million. Of this vast sum he has over \$250,000 invested in New York real estate.



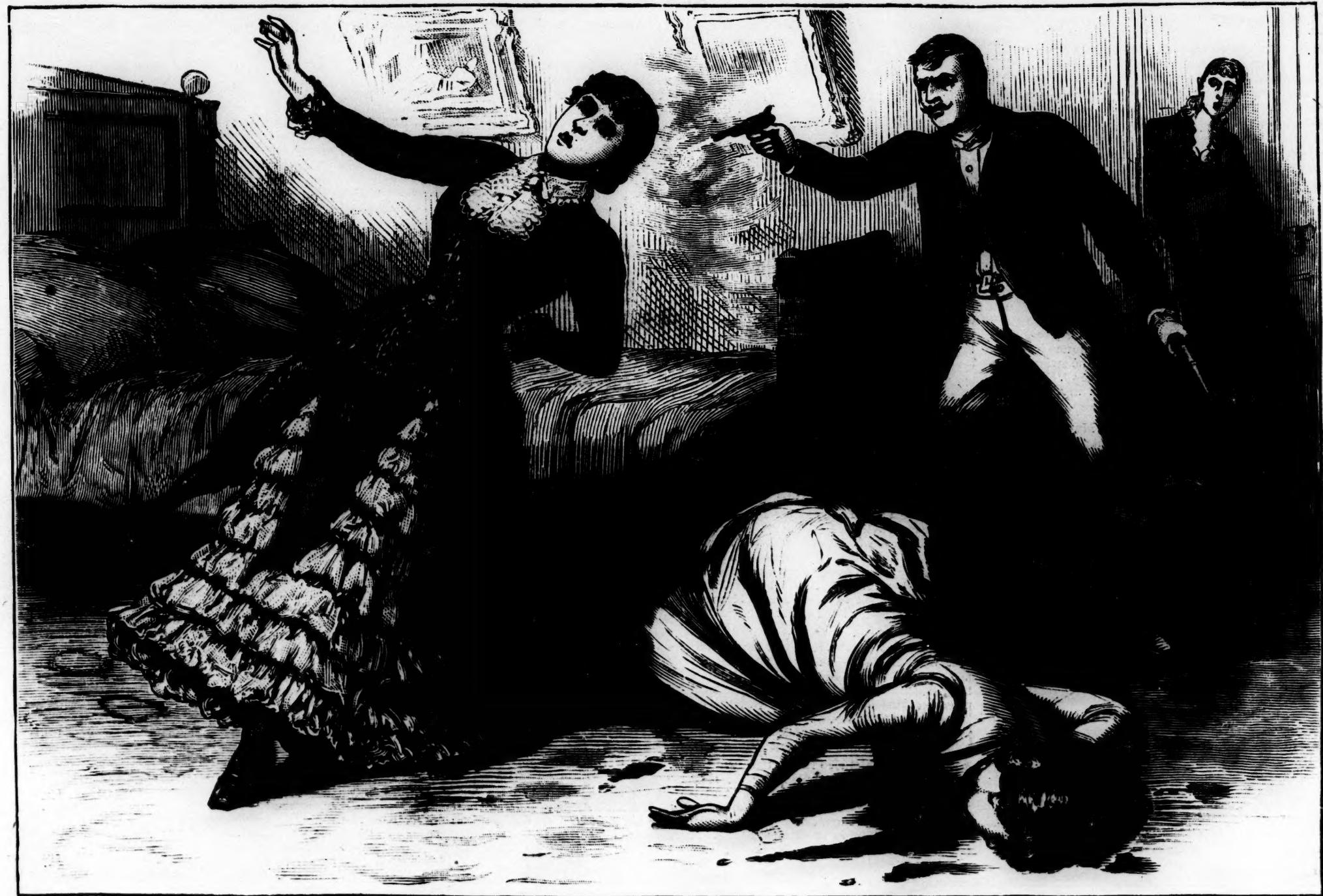
SADIE MARTINOT.

THE FAVORITE AMERICAN INGENUE ACTRESS AND COMEDIEENNE.

Moore's House, 33 Finchley Road, St. John's Wood, London, Eng., his private residence, is one of the most elegant mansions in that aristocratic neighborhood, and is always open to his numerous friends. No worthy American in need has ever appealed to him in vain. For nineteen years he has occupied the same chair on the bone end of his famous Moore & Burgess Minstrels, St. James' Hall, Piccadilly, and is as

prime a favorite to-day as ever, which fact is without parallel in the history of amusements. He has, by special command, appeared before all the Royal family many times.

\*\*\*  
"HUSBAND, there goes a load of beets; they must have come from some hot-house." "Improbable, madam, your relatives were all at our dinner-table as usual."



DOUBLE TRAGEDY IN A BALTIMORE BAGNIO.

YOUNG HAZELTINE, AFTER A WILD DEBAUCH WITH TWO BEAUTIFUL LOST SOULS, KILLS ONE OF THEM IN A PAROXYSM OF EMOTIONAL MADNESS.

A Millionaire Disappears.

While the steamer St. Johns was on her way from New York to Long Branch on the afternoon of Tuesday, July 15, two letters were handed to the purser by a gentleman, who requested that they should be mailed when the steamer returned to New York. They were deposited in the mails, but the addresses were not read by the purser, who only remarked that



ORRIN SPERRY,

ABSCONDING TREASURER OF CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY,  
N. Y.—\$2,000 REWARD.

the writing was in indelible pencil. The next day a letter addressed with indelible pencil was received at the Hatch Lithographing Company's offices at 34 Vesey street.

An official of the company tore open the envelope, and saw that it was signed with the name of Warner D. Hatch, who is the president of the company. The letter, which was dated July 15, said that Mr. Hatch was about to commit suicide, and that none of his friends would ever see him alive again. He asked that some one tell his wife that he had so much trouble that he had decided the only way to end it was to end his life. The letter went on to say:

"My hat will be found on the rear guard of the steamboat St. Johns, and beneath the sweat-band will be my card. I intend to drop overboard into the bay. The St. Johns left New York at 12:15 to-day."

Mr. Hatch left his office on Monday, July 14, in apparently excellent spirits, saying that he was going to his home in Dobb's Ferry. He did not come to business on Tuesday, which was unusual. It helped confirm what the letter said. Two gentlemen connected with the firm went down to Pier 8, North river, where the St. Johns puts in. They asked Purser De Hart if any hat had been found on Tuesday. He said that he had not heard of any. The gentlemen told him of Mr. Hatch's letter. The purser sent for Chief Officer Colbert, who called up the men, and asked if any of them had picked up hat on Tuesday.

"I found a straw hat on the guard, near the stern," one of the deck-hands said. "I'll get it."

When the gentlemen saw the hat they at once said that it belonged to Mr. Hatch. They looked under the sweat-leather and found the card of Warner D. Hatch. Deceased had an elegant residence at Dobb's Ferry and was a luxurious liver. Outside of his business his private fortune was \$100,000, and his wife has a fortune in her own right. Why such a man should feel impelled to kill himself or to disappear under sensational circumstances is a puzzle to all his friends.



MAMIE THORPE,

THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN MURDERED IN  
A BALTIMORE BAGNO.

Orrin Sperry Wanted.

The Sheriff of Chautauqua county, C. A. Merrill, of Mayville, N. Y., offers a reward of \$2,000 for the arrest and conviction of Orrin Sperry, the defaulter treasurer of the county, adding these facts for the information and guidance of those who may desire to try their luck for the reward. "Sperry absconded in the latter part of May, 1884, having embezzled about \$80,000 of the funds of said county. The Board of Supervisors of Chautauqua county, N. Y., authorize me to offer the above reward for the arrest and conviction of said Sperry. He is fifty-seven years



A THIEF IN THE COFFIN.

A CORPSE LOCKED IN A CHURCH THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FUNERAL, IN THE CITY OF MEXICO, REVIVES AND GETS AWAY WITH THE HOLY IMAGES ON THE ALTAR.

old, 5 feet 9½ to 10 inches high; weight 175 to 180 pounds; medium stout; very good build; when walking head and neck lean forward, giving appearance of being quite stoop-shouldered; gray hair usually cut short, and, when last seen, white chin whiskers; very dark or black sharp eye; rather small, regular features; wears a No. 9 boot; long, slim hand; usually keeps his bands in his pockets; straight nose, broad at base; speaks quick, rather jerky or sudden; has a very confidential way of approaching you; an inveterate tobacco-chewer; swear in conversation; fond of women; talks of them, politics and the Pennsylvania oil-field and market; dresses generally in dark or black clothes. The picture attached is a good likeness of him. Send all information, telegraphic or otherwise, to Sheriff Merrill at Mayville."

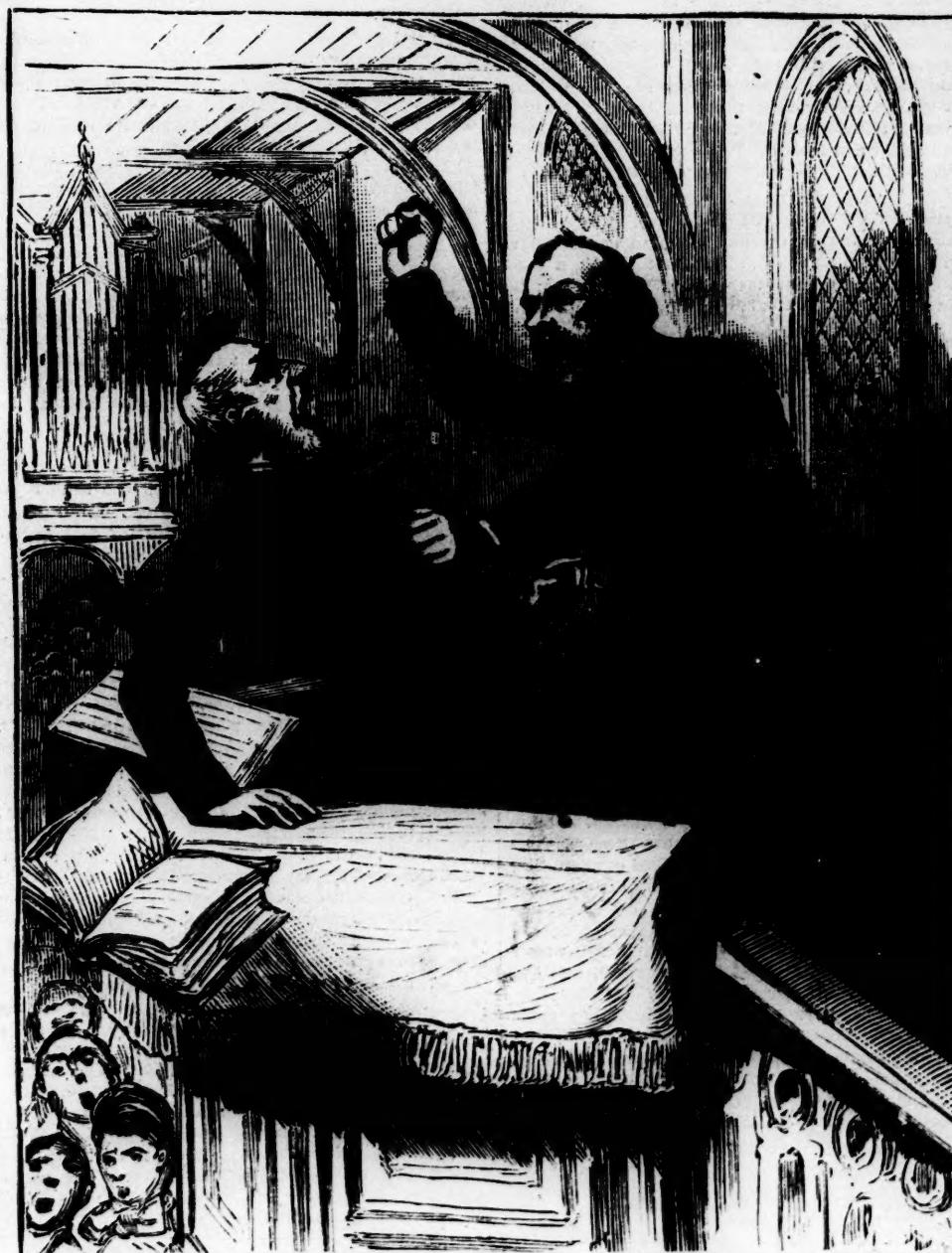
A Thief in the Coffin.

In the red-hot climate of Mexico it is the custom to transact all business in the early morning or cool evening. Corpses will

not keep there the regulation time, and the etiquette of burials is considerably abridged. It is the custom, therefore, to have funeral services and burials at a very early hour in the morning; so the priest of the Soledad de Santa Cruz Church, in the City of Mexico, recently did not think it strange when a certain funeral was set down for 4 o'clock A. M. and permission asked to place the corpse in the church the night before. The heavy coffin was placed before the altar and the place locked up. During the night the dogs of the sacristan made a great noise, and on going into the church the priest saw a man jumping off the altar on which stood one of the images. No trace could be found of the intruder. At last they looked into the coffin, finding a living thief in place of a corpse, and in his possession all the most valuable jewels of the church.

Escaped His Just Desert.

On Wednesday, July 16, as Hannah Burton, aged twelve years, was returning from school, near Richmond, Texas, she was met by Webb Hetton, an ex-convict, who grossly assaulted and then killed her, burying the body in Johns creek. Shortly after the girl's clothes were found, torn, muddy and bloody. Learning that Hetton was seen running from the place a short time before, the neighbors made a search and arrested him. He confessed his guilt, and took the party to the spot where he had buried the body. The officers started for Richmond with the prisoner, with his hands tied behind him and a rope around his neck. They were met by an infuriated



A "RUN IN" AT CHURCH.

A BELOVED BROTHER LETS OUT A SCANDAL BY GOING FOR THE PARSON IN CHURCH, AT WOODHAVEN, L. I.

crowd, who took the prisoner, tied him to a tree and shot fifteen times at him, when he fell apparently dead. They took the rope off and left him. After the party left Hetton got up and went home, dressed his wounds and left. The next morning the coroner went out to hold an inquest, but the remains had disappeared. Officers are now hunting for Hetton.

"YES," sighed Amelia, "before marriage George professed to be willing to die for me, and now he won't even get his life insured in my favor," and she burst into a flood of tears.



WARNER D. HATCH.

THE MISSING MILLIONAIRE OF DOBB'S FERRY,  
NEW YORK.

THE  
BROADWAY ROUNDER.  
No. XI.  
THE HOUR OF HUNGER.

WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE  
IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

I happened to be standing the other day at noon on the up-town platform of the Twenty-third street station of the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad. I say that I happened to be standing there at noon. I am doing myself injustice and am a few seconds too premature. Twelve o'clock hadn't struck when I drew a good breath of air into my lungs on that up-town platform. Still the very atmosphere seemed to throb with the universal expectation of midday and dinner-time. We are all of us constructed more or less on chronometrical principles, and can tell pretty well by our feelings what time it is within half an hour or so.

In fact, I read the other day of a Swiss gentleman who has got it down so fine that he goes like a clock. He says that he has reduced his pulse to a regular, even-beating pendulum. He is, as I have observed before, a Swiss, and everybody knows that the Swiss are the greatest watchmakers in the world. But I can't help thinking after all that there is some catch in this story—like the joke about the Swiss admiral, the point of which is, of course, that Switzerland is an inland republic and hasn't got any navy to support an admiral.

I have several New York friends who, in the pendulum particular, resemble the Swiss gentleman of the story I read.

But this is a serious digression from my story.

I stood on the bridge at midday—or just thereabouts, but the clocks had not begun, so far, to strike the hour. Everybody with a stomach under his waistcoat and a good sound digestion in full control thereof, felt that if it wasn't 12 o'clock it ought to be. There were perceptible slackening of muscles and slowing of footsteps among the gentlemen who carry rods of brick and mortar up the sides of glowing buildings. I could look into the back windows of a public school, and see the little urchins inside getting up steam, unconsciously and involuntarily, for the recess.

Down in the street below were several horses hitched to coal-carts and other heavy vehicles. They, to seemed to be aware of the fact that in a very few seconds the air would be rent with such sounds as would have made the sensitive walls of Jericho fall in ruins at the first blast. They wagged their jaws, did the horses, and sniffed suspiciously as though the breeze were heavily redolent of oats.

I caught glimpses of small, sweltering tenement house homes where good wives were themselves stewing and simmering, as they got dinner ready, and in the baker's shop, right across the way, the big German baker carefully rubbed his floury hands on his dirty jacket, as he eyed a pile of cakes and cookies, and visibly prepared for the noonday rush.

THE TOCSIN OF HUNGER.

It came as it comes every day, with the suddenness of an explosion. I have heard noon strike many and many a time these thirty odd years, but it never fails, each time I hear it, to shake me in my very boots. There was first a hiss, like that of a thunderbolt as it burles through the air before the roar of the thunder follows it. That was the taking breath, so to speak, of all the steam-whistles in New York. Then a bell suddenly clangs, and as its boom woke the slumbering echoes the pioneer whistle rang out. Its throat was scarcely open before all the other whistles joined in the deafening chorus. It was like the "music" of a pack of bounds. The leader of the pack had its sharp nose on the last footprint of Daddy Time and gave tongue, and the next second all the others added their voices to the terrific din. Big whistles roared, small whistles shrieked, and the whole huge city knew and announced that it was just 12 o'clock.

I could imagine the jolly, red-jowled old sun wiping his wet forehead with a convenient cloud and bowing his thanks for the uproarious salute.

In an instant how changed the scene was. It was like the tinkle of the prompter's bell when the curtain falls on the end of an act. The great strong pulse of Labor ceased to throb. The restless, hurrying, swarming, surging tide of Toll had reached high-water mark for the next twenty-four hours. In a few moments, as it seemed, the little tenement homes were full of red-shirted giants fiercely eating their dinners. The public school had burst open like a pod or a blossom, and all its living contents were humming and rushing up and down and laughing and squabbling on the sidewalk outside. The big patient horses were champing their grain, and the big baker opposite was pouring his cakes and cookies over his counter into hands even more grimy than his own.

Those were the sights it was permitted me to see. But my mind was full of others far beyond my mere bodily vision. I heard the echoes of those whistles out at sea. Bells chimed on a hundred decks and the watch shifted as red-faced skippers popped up out of their cabins all over the Atlantic, like prairie-dogs looking out of their holes, and took the sun. On shore drum-beat and bugles sounded, and sentries relieved each other. In dismal penitentiary quarries and forges thousands of silent men in striped garments wedged themselves into huge, writhing chalms which shuffled their coils along under the eyes of armed keepers and warders. At a thousand sick-beds a thousand tender hands immediately produced the appointed and carefully measured medicines. In dark courts of law, within sound of the shriek of those whistles, there was a stir as judges and juries rose and advocates sat down.

As all these things came rushing into my mind, and I saw them all as plainly as so many pike-staffs—it all happened in a minute between two trains—a pale, slender little girl peered in through the grill of the gate, and handed the man who was in charge of the ticket-mill a little basket which certainly contained his lunch. She was a very pale little girl, but a very sweet and pretty little girl withal, and I was pleased, after a sort of paternal fashion of my own, to see that her father was grateful to her for bringing him his

simple little meal. He patted her on the head and then he kissed her, after which, with a feeble but a pretty little smile, she slipped away and was soon out of sight.

Now, if there be one art which I have thoroughly and completely mastered, it is the art of minding my own business. It is a very valuable and a very convenient gift, and has time and again saved me considerable trouble. But on this occasion some hideous, baleful influence made me abandon my great cardinal principle, and actually look with curiosity to see what the gatekeeper had for his midday lunch.

I suppose everybody who ever notes things has long ago observed this important fact, to wit: that man, when he eats in private or is regarding his food, has a certain shame or diffidence about being seen. Wild beasts will bite you if you overlook, impertinently, their repasts and their manner of eating. So with most of us men and women.

My friend, the gatekeeper, did not know I was curiously watching him eat. Had he been aware of my espionage he would have growled something very unpleasant at me, and I should have deserved it—deserved it up to the handle.

But as he didn't see me I saw his dinner—and a most amazing dinner it was for a feeble, delicate, dyspeptic-looking little man as he was.

Here is the bill of particulars of that baneful meal:

*Item*—Two hard-boiled eggs.

*Item*—Three savagely and ferociously indigestible green cucumbers soaked in vinegar and brine.

*Item*—A tin-cup of milk and water.

*Item*—Four slices of bread and butter.

*Item*—A piece of red corned beef; fairly glistening with salt-peter crystals, and

*Item*—Three doughnuts and a piece of pie.

That was the dinner of my friend, the gatekeeper, and while it gave me a cold shiver to see him eat it (I felt as if I were looking on at a case of suicide with a good prospect of being finally held responsible for the corpse), I was seized with a new set of ideas.

THE DINNER OF THE PEOPLE.

Just like the pictures which supplant each other on the canvas when you use a magic-lantern, there came before me visions of other people profiting by the arrival of noonday, to lunch or breakfast.

First, I was dining in the Big Six, a popular Bowery house of refection. Everybody wore his hat, but, with curious inconsistency, several of us had left our coats elsewhere. About six hundred stout fellows found room in a space which a casual observer would have thought overcrowded by two hundred and fifty. The clatter of knives and forks and plates and dishes was incessant. Colored persons with supercilious grins on their shining faces, and clad in jackets in different white, slipped and shuffled in and out of the six hundred feeding like sixty. Beef and mutton in their simplest forms, and any quantity of a beverage called "caw-fee" are the staple refection of Big Six. The man mad enough to call for a made dish there would be "bounced" as a dangerous "crank," and one fellow who actually did call for claret to drink with his dinner was surprised, not to say disconcerted, by having his own "tapped" by his indignant neighbor. Let no man assimilate even in externals to the genus "dude" essay to dine in the Big Six at noonday on a working day. If he does, he will regret it. It is a curious fact, by the way, that in this good Democratic stronghold the colored waiters are treated absolutely with deference.

THE BRIDE'S BREAKFAST.

The picture shifts to a wedding breakfast on Thirty-seventh street. The Angloamericans of New York must marry before 12 o'clock nowadays, because everybody gets married before 12 o'clock in England. Two minutes ago the carriage rattled off, bearing away the bride and groom, on honeymoon bent. The pretty bridesmaids, the jolly groomsmen, the heavy fathers, the half-tearful half-joyous mothers, the simpering cousins, the envious schoolfellows, and the more than three-sheets-in-the-wind brothers of both parties are punishing a banquet set out in his lordliest style by the great Pinard. It is a jovial and appetizing picture while it lasts, but it shifts in a minute to

THE BOHEMIAN LUNCHERS.

Number three—a lot of tired, weary, exhausted shop girls eating their meager lunch in the up-stairs room of a big Broadway store. Poor things, a very simple and spartan meal is theirs. The bread may be buttered, but I doubt it. The thinnest of thin "tea" wastes it down. One of the girls is better off than the rest. She has brought a small piece of ham with her, and as each of them nibbles a bit of it, there are as much joy and pleasure among them as if they were consuming a *Perigord* pie, to an accompaniment of Clos Vougeot.

This is a "swell" German place, and those who drink beer, drink German beer, imported in bottles. Most of the tables, however, are sentined by tall, lean, long-throated flasks, in which the golden juices of Rhine and vineyards shine and glisten. Something sour to the American taste are these precious vintages, and no wonder that a good deal of qualifying soda, or selters or vichy goes with a very little wine.

In the Italian quarter the rag-pickers are eating delicious macaroni at six cents a plate. In Maiden lane and John street English and Scotch merchants sit down to the boiled mutton and caper sauce, and the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding of Merrie England. In dark alleys tramps are munching their crusts and swigging their beer-drugs, while from one end of Manhattan Island to the other a thousand echoing salad-bowls, and pickle-forks, and cracker-plates, and cheese-dishes announce the moment of that most American of all American institutions—the Free Lunch.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALBERT HAMM, THE OARSMAN.

[With Portrait.]

We give an excellent portrait of Albert Hamm, of Halifax, N. S., the noted oarsman, who has figured in quite a number of races, both in this country and Canada. His record is familiar to the readers of our sporting columns.

BOUND ON A WILD BRONCHO.

A Lothario Given a Terrible Mazeppa Ride by an Injured Husband in Nebraska.

[Subject of Illustration.]

No wonder of poetic romance is too wild or thrilling to be given a living illustration in the life of the boundless prairies of our far West. The impossible is the most probable in the events of that region. Here, for instance, is the vouches-for story of M. Boussard, a wealthy cattle-owner, whose herds range the wild territory in northwestern Nebraska. He returned on July 12 from his annual "round up" of his stock, with his eyes bulging and his brain bewildered by the wonders of his experience.

Boussard says when he reached his ranch about the middle of June he found his cowboys nursing a young man whom they had rescued from the back of a broncho. When discovered the modern Mazeppa was strapped to the horse's back, entirely naked and unconscious. The animal was about broken down, as if from long running, and was easily lassoed by the cowboys, who cut the thongs and released the strange captive. This happened about two weeks before Boussard's arrival, and during all that time the stranger had lain in a stupor. A few days before Boussard left on his return journey to Omaha, having a little knowledge of medicine, he succeeded in restoring the patient to consciousness, and his recovery was then rapid. When able to talk he said his name was Henry Burbank, that he was an Englishman, and thirty-four years old. About three years ago, at Falmouth, England, he formed a partnership with a friend named Thomas Wilson, some years his senior, and with him came to America to engage in the cattle business. They cast about for some time, and finally settled in northwestern Nebraska, where the range was unlimited and borders few and far apart. They built a comfortable ranch by a little stream, where Wilson's young wife reigned as housekeeper, attended by two or three female domestics.

Burbank, who is a handsome young gallant, found it agreeable, when Wilson was absent riding about the range, to make love to the latter's wife. This continued for some months until, in the latter part of May, one of the cowboys, who had a grievance against Burbank, surprised him and Mrs. Wilson in a compromising situation, and reported it to the woman's husband, whose jealousy had already been aroused. That night Burbank was captured while asleep in bed by Wilson and three of his men, and bound before he had any show to make resistance. After mutilating him in a shocking and nameless manner, Wilson had him stripped of every bit of clothing and bound on the back of a wild broncho, which was started off by a vigorous lashing. Before morning Burbank became unconscious, and is, therefore, unable to tell anything about his terrible trip. He thinks that the outrage was committed on the night of May 27, and he was rescued on the morning of June 3, which would make seven days that he had been traveling about the plains on the horse's back without food or drink, and exposed to the sun and wind. Wilson's ranch is two hundred miles from the spot where Burbank was found, but it is hardly probable that the broncho took a direct course, and therefore must have covered many more miles in his wild journey. When fully restored to health, Burbank proposes to make a visit of retaliation on Wilson, and in this he will be backed by Boussard's men and those of the Ogallala Land and Cattle Company, whose range is near Boussard's.

THE NUDE MODELS.

Who They Are, and How They Act in the Studios.

An artist friend talks out about the female models who frequent the studios. He declares, among other revelations, that he is sick of hearing brother artists prate about their highly moral and too too good models. Some of them are highly moral, our friend argues, but most of them are decidedly not.

"It's a business," says he; "and we take the best shape, no matter what the moral are. Take the city directory and you will find half a score of women registered as professional models. Nearly all figure painters in New York know them, have painted them, and yet the subject does not presume to bow to the artist as they pass on the street. Their relations are simply those of employer and employee. The artist usually belongs to a higher social plane, and in the studio does not meet his subject on a footing of equality. She comes to him, the price is arranged, she goes into a side room and disrobes, comes out again with nothing on and quietly takes the position indicated. When tired she drops into a chair to rest, and probably chats quietly while the artist fills in the details of his picture. Then she poses again, and so on until the time is up and she goes back to her room to dress. Coming out, she says: 'Will come again to-morrow at eleven.' The painter enters it on his book as a dentist does his appointments, and the vision glides demurely down stairs. That is all there is to it. In one the limbs are marvels of tapering grace, in another the bust is such as painters delight to portray, in the third the arms are soft and white and rounded. But few can lay claim to be wholly perfect. So we draw our arms from this model, the neck from another, and the legs from the third. The face, of course, is never the nude model's. I will show how we are compelled to search around to make a perfect picture," and the artist pulled himself out of the depth of his chair, unlocked an escritoire, and bringing out a little red memorandum-book, pointed to several entries. They read: "Miss Carrie Warsingers, arms; Miss Hattie C. Jobrey, bust; Mrs. F. M. Crayser, limbs;" and so on down half a page.

"But all models are not professional models. They drop into these rooms on an average of one a month to ask whether I want to hire a model. Some are mere school-girls, one or two are old enough to know better, while the average would-be model is the twenty-year-old shop-girl whom we meet every day on the street. They know that models are well paid, are tired of their humdrum round of work, and want to escape to more congenial employment. One of the dress models in a Broadway establishment—a young lady employed to try on cloaks and dresses, so that intending purchasers can see how the article looks—called in here two weeks ago. The fact that she was a model in one place led her to believe that she could as readily pose as an artist's model. And so she could. Her figure was wonderfully well rounded, and I wanted just such a form for that group of naiads. However, I told her of the dangers of her position; that her place at the Broadway store would have to be given up, as I could not work at night, and she finally concluded to remain with her old employers. I was glad she chose this course, though she promised if she

should conclude to become a subject to let me paint her first.

"The only lady model I have had during the past year has been a young married lady from Brooklyn. Twice a week she sits for me, and takes the money in a mechanical sort of way. I know she doesn't need it, for all she could make in a year would not pay for her rich dresses and soft silk under-war. Does her husband know she is a model? My dear sir, I tell you curiously is fatal to an artist. I would not dare ask him."

THE PARSON'S SUMMER BOARDERS.

They Give Him Some Points in European Etiquette and Break Him All Up.

[Subject of Illustration.]

When Parson Whyte, of Coxsackie, agreed to take into his country home as summer boarders the two blooming daughters of his old college chum, Melville, of New York, he had no idea but that they would be as a ray of sunlight in his house. He had no notion, though, that they would keep it up, being not only sunlight by day, but electric lights of the most dazzling and flashing description at all hours, day and night. They were all very well the first day or two. They had just come from Europe with their "pa," and they could converse intelligently with the erudite parson on the most abstruse topics. He declared to his good wife that they were thoroughly educated girls; that there was nothing like European polish to finish off the crude American female nature; and that he wished their staid and prudish daughter might receive the finishing touches that would make her equally brilliant. The day after, though, the young girls began to develop more European accomplishments than the old domine had ever heard of, and in secret they quite turned the head of the parson's daughter with their tales of gay larks in Paris. At dinner they were demure as usual the third day after their arrival, and giggled only once while the parson was saying grace. When dessert was over, Sadie and Mattle, to the horror of the host and hostess, produced cigarettes and began to enjoy a smoke. The parson was shocked, and boldly protested, but they quoted his own words in commendation of their European education, and asked the bewildered old man to drop on himself and join them. Of course he didn't, and from that moment he changed his opinion of French polish for American girls.

He changed his mind radically, it is true, but it was too late—the damage had been done. The parson's daughter was infatuated with European manners, and had taken to smoking, too. The New York girls left for home after a week's stay, voting the parson's household too slow for them. The domine's daughter has been frisky ever since, and her flirtations with the liveliest young men of the neighborhood have astounded everybody who hasn't the key to the wonder. The parson has to sit up nights, now, with a shotgun, driving away the young fellows, and twice has he caught his demure daughter trying to escape from her chamber window to keep an elopement appointment with an unknown young man who was waiting with a buggy near by.

HENRY SIMONS.

[With Portrait.]

The subject of this sketch is a driver of very considerable notoriety, and has developed some of the best-known trotters that have started from about the Kentucky metropolis. The most noted horse that received his primary lessons from this gentleman is the famous Steve Maxwell, the great two-mile winner. The trotter was purchased at auction by Mr. Simons, and started in his first race under the name of Auction. This cognomen was changed, as he developed speed, to Steve Maxwell—after a popular young liveryman of Louisville. From almost the same obscurity Simons brought out Maxwell Maid, giving her a record of 2:25%. Through the West he drove Emma Maxwell to 2:32%, then disposed of her to Illinois parties. One of his horses, Pompey, fell dead in a race at Prophettown, after winning two heats, and a record near 2:30. With the Almont mare, Annie S., he was very successful, and won many good races, giving her 2:26%. To Jim Bowman he gave 2:29%, to Pilot Mambrino 2:27%, and to Fannie B., on the ice, in Canada, last winter, 2:23%. This fall he has had a good one in Misfortune, the summaries showing that second money was usually taken. Mr. Simons is comparatively a young man. His business is more that of a dealer than professional driver. As a mechanic in the sulky, he is above the average, cool, able, and displays, in a pinch, rare good judgment. He has a happy, good-natured faculty of making friends among strangers and with trotting associations. This makes him popular with the majority of judges, and tells in his favor when engaged in a red-hot contest.

A GALLANT DEED.

One of Allan Pinkerton's Early Adventures that Made His Fame.

When the Michigan Central Railroad first started there was a good deal of opposition among the farmers and others. Trains were wrecked repeatedly and the opportunity for plunder attracted the worst characters of the country. Allan Pinkerton was called upon and undertook in person to ferret out the guilty parties. He finally learned of a plot to wreck a certain train. Repairing to the spot after night he found a culvert where he concealed himself. Groping around in the darkness he found several crowbars and knew then that he was in the right place. He had been waiting for hours, when three men approached the culvert. Pinkerton had doubled himself up in a corner to remain undiscovered. The men took the crowbars and proceeded to tear up the

## TWO BIG "KNOCK-OUTS."

Exciting Slugging Events in Colorado and Illinois.

Walling Again Succumbs to Bryan Campbell at Leadville, and Cleary Lays Out Goode in Short Order.

[Subject of Illustrations.]

Ever since June 28, 1882, when Tom Walling made his second unsuccessful fight with Bryan Campbell, both coming all the way from Colorado to Pennsylvania, at the command of the POLICE GAZETTE, to have it out, Tom has been looking for another fight. He had broken one of his hands in the first battle, and to this he attributed his defeat. He was confident that another trial would be marked by better luck for him. After much "chin" all around, lasting two years, the match was made to fight at catch-weights, according to London prize ring rules, with hard gloves. The preliminaries were arranged at Leadville, Col., and the proceedings commanded a great local interest. The betting in advance of the battle was slightly in favor of Campbell, since, notwithstanding Walling's pluck and skill, the weak condition of his right hand handicapped his chances considerably. The fight took place near Leadville, on July 20, in a ring pitched in the open air. All the town, and the denizens of the camps for miles around, attended, and made a picnic of it. A well-known sport, Joseph Kerns, was selected referee. Walling was seconded by George Trippets, and Patsy Campbell, one of Bryan's brothers, cared for him fraternally and pugnaciously in the ring. Betting was even after the first round, but after the seventh, when it was apparent that Walling's hand had given way again, the odds turned against him in betting, as they were in the chances of victory. Still he fought round after round bravely and with telling effect. Campbell was game, and rushed in bravely, although he received punishment in big doses. He fought at Walling's face, landing heavily thereon, left and right, with both hands in every rally.

After fifteen rounds it was still anybody's fight, although Walling had only one hand to do his fighting with. Campbell, detecting this fact, went in to give and take, with confidence that he could hold out to a victorious end.

Walling stuck to his task with desperation, however, and to down him was no easy task, crippled though he was. In the fifteenth round the fighting was most desperate, and both pugilists bled like stuck pigs. Campbell's face was a frightful sight, but still he possessed the more stamina, and his blows were delivered with more force than Walling's. In the sixteenth round Campbell got headway, and punished Walling terribly. He fought him down amid tremendous cheering. On time being called for the seventeenth round, Walling staggered from his corner. Campbell, strong and eager, rushed over to him. Walling nervously up and fought like a wolf at bay until he received a tremendous blow from Campbell's right on the point of the jaw, which sent him down with a rush. While his seconds were carrying him to his corner he fainted. Trippets had no alternative but to throw up the sponge for his gallant principal, and Campbell was once more declared the winner. The battle was a most desperate one, and both victor and vanquished were frightfully punished.

The week was a lively one in the way of fights, for on the 18th of July Mike Cleary, of New York, met the English heavy weight, Jim Goode, at Battery B, Chicago. Mike put Jim to sleep in just two minutes, after punishing him terribly and knocking him down three times. It was nearly ten minutes before he came to.

Cleary made himself quite a lion in Chicago and the West generally by knocking out Goode so summarily. The Englishman had been boomed up in Chicago as a pugilist able to defeat any of the second-class fighters. This makes Cleary the champion at the knocking-out business. First he knocked out Rook, then he knocked out Wm. Sheriff on two occasions, once in New York and once in Philadelphia, and now Goode's scalp is added to the collection in the wigwam of the New York warrior.

A RUN-IN AT DEVOTIONS.

A Beloved Brother Lets Out a Scandal by Going for the Parson in Church.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On Sunday, July 13, there was a very loud church scandal exposed at Woodhaven, L. I. There had been whispers for some time of a crookedness prevailing among the members, parson and deacons of the Congregational church. A husband of one of the sisters had been "kicking" for a month, and it had taken the united efforts of all the saints to hold him in and muzzle him. On Sunday, the 13th, he cut loose and gave the whole thing away, by going for the parson in his pulpit, on slugging intent. David Solley, the furious husband alluded to, was the secretary of "David's Band," a church organization. On Sunday he went to the church at the time services were to begin, and said he would like to see Dominic James, adding:

"I want to give the old — — a licking. This church has ruined my family, and I'm d — if I don't have satisfaction."

Solley was about to "lick" Deacon Prall in the absence of the dominie, but the congregation interfered, and the deacon was saved. Mr. Solley then took a stand in front of the church door, and forbid the congregation to enter the church.

"It will ruin you," he said; "it's worse than h — Dominic James and the church members are all hypocrites."

Just then Dominic James and his wife came up the hill, and as Solley saw them he shouted, "Here comes the gray-headed old sinner." Mr. James approached him, and Deacon Prall cautioned him to keep away. "Solley is crazy drunk."

"Why don't you send for Constable Abrams and have him arrested?" meekly replied the venerable dominie.

"You and Sam Abrams can go to — —," quickly responded Solley. "Sam Abrams won't arrest me. I'm a God-praying man, but you're a lot of scoundrels. I'll stand in front of this church every Sunday until I break it up. You — —"

Mr. Prall sent a messenger for the deputy sheriff, but before the arrival of the officer Mr. Solley had returned to his home.

Dominic James said to the POLICE GAZETTE re-

porter: "I was never more astonished in my life than when I heard Solley denounce the congregation. The church has been very kind to Solley and his family. Last Easter, Mrs. Solley was arrested in Hoboken charged with stealing money from her husband, and I got her out. We then made her secretary of our temperance society, as she had promised to reform, but she deceived us. She was the daughter of a Baptist clergyman, highly accomplished, and would deceive any congregation. We shall not have Solley arrested on account of his children; but if he interferes with us again we shall certainly have him punished. I don't know that he was drunk, but he certainly acted like a man that was either drunk or crazy."

The parson's friends indignantly deny that he was "knocked out."

"There was no more of a fight between the two," one deacon said, "than there was between Fulljames and Dempsey, whom Mr. Fox tried to bring together lately."

He saw that he had given himself away as a sly reader of the POLICE GAZETTE, but it was too late. The reporter had taken it all in. Much "chin" has resulted among the congregation in consequence of this unsatisfactory affair, and it may result in a meeting yet between the dominie and the secretary of the "David's Sons." The match was, at last accounts, in the same condition of forwardness as that between Fulljames and Dempsey—no more, no less. "May the best man win."

## A DEATH STRUGGLE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A terrible case, which is agitating theatrical circles at present, is that of two young actors who took part in a real life tragedy. They were engaged in an Uncle Tom troupe, which went to pieces in Georgia last January. Of course the manager who carried such a drama of prejudice south of Mason & Dixon's line, was little short of a fool, and only courted inevitable ruin.

The company went to pieces at Montgomery and the members had to skip out of town "on their trunks."

There was a young Englishman, an amateur, engaged as leading man. With him was his wife, a beautiful woman. When the party broke up the guilty couple escaped leaving the husband to "walk home" from Montgomery to New York. They hired a wagon and started to catch a train at an out-of-town depot. The vehicle broke down and the young couple were left in a sorry plight. They were obliged to leave their shattered conveyance and tramp across country to the railroad track. The husband, pursuing on foot, overtook the couple. They separated in the woods and fled for their lives. The injured man pursued the lover, who made for the railroad track and leaped on a passing train of empty box cars. The husband, at imminent peril of his life, sprang on the train too. There the men grappled, and the pursuer seizing a lynch pin from the car beat his antagonist terribly about the head. The latter clung to him, however, and both, in the struggle, fell from the train and rolled down an embankment, where they were found insensible an hour after. The lover died, and the husband has gone to England crippled and broken down in spirit. The affair was called an accident at the time it was reported in the papers.

## FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS,

No. 68, out Saturday, July 26, contains: Brooklyn's Brave Firemen; a department that has done much good and splendid work; what the dames have destroyed during fifteen years; recalling the Brooklyn theatre fire; men who fight fire in the City of Churches. Among the Coons; high jinks in the colored quarters of the metropolis; how the character of the colored population has changed within twenty years; sights and scenes that are not always entirely moral. Enticing the Liquor Dealers; devious methods of over-enthusiastic law and order reformers. Miss Ida's Italian Hound; how it sundered two hearts and broke an engagement. Recalling a Famous Murder; incidents in the notorious Burdell-Cunningham trial. Billy, the Boxer; or, a Life's Mystery; a romance of real life and crime in New York. By Edwin F. De Nyse. The Referee. Prowler. Billboard. Prompter. Joker. The great family sensational paper. Bright, lively, crisp and entertaining. The cheapest and best illustrated paper in the world.

The only 5-cent Illustrated Sporting and Sensational Paper in America. Sold by all newsdealers, or by mail. GAZETTE and DOINGS, one year, \$6.00.

## A BLOODY DUEL.

A duel with pistols was fought at Dallas, Texas, on the night of July 12, between W. H. Beale and a man named Bowie, in a room on the third floor of the National Hotel. The shots were heard and the room was broken into. Both men were found lying dead. The pistol of each was by his side. Both were shot through the heart and head. Shortly prior to the duel the men were devoted friends. A few minutes before the tragedy they had a quarrel, and one was heard to say:

"D — — you, I'll kill you!"

Soon after they retired to the room. The tragedy created great excitement, the cause of the quarrel being unknown.

## SADIE MARTINOT.

[With Portrait.] This young soubrette actress is better known in Boston than in New York, although she was born and brought up here. She is a pretty woman, has talent as an actress of light parts with either a spice of fun or a tinge of romance in them. Boucicault detected her talents several seasons since, and took her to London to create a role in one of his new pieces. Ever since she has been a favorite artiste with him. She accompanied him in his tour of the principal cities last season, playing the leading parts in his dramas. She is handsome and clever, and the public readily grants that Dion's judgment is good in selecting such support as she.

NEW ORLEANS, June 24, 1884.

The undersigned certifies that he held for collection for account of S. M. Rothschild, 222 Church street, New York city, one half ticket. No. 53,770. Single Number, Class F, in the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the Second Capital Prize of Fifty Thousand Dollars, on Tuesday, June 17, 1884, said ticket having cost the sum of five dollars at the office of M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., and that the amount was promptly paid by a check on the New Orleans National Bank, on presentation of the ticket at the office of the Company.

T. M. WESCOAT, Agent,  
Southern Express Co., New Orleans, La.

— Texas Sittings.

## THE SIXTH DEGREE OF CRIME.

Terrible Scene of Debauchery and Murder in a Baltimore Bagno.

[With Portrait and Illustration.]

One of the most terrible tragedies we have recorded in years occurred on the evening of July 19 at No. 108 North street, Baltimore, a house of ill-fame kept by a wealthy woman named Jessie Hutchins, who is making a grand show of her wealth and style this summer among the fashionables at Long Branch. The Baltimore bagno was managed during her absence by a young woman of business principles, bearing the immaculate name of Pearl Snow. The victims were Mrs. Mamie Thorpe, nee Frankie Robinson, and May White, both of Toronto, Canada. The murderer is George W. Hazeltine, of Jamestown, N. Y. The woman White keeps a bagno at No. 11 Nelson street, Toronto, Canada, and Mamie Thorpe was an inmate of the establishment. There the two women met Hazeltine and E. S. Van Witten, of Baltimore, two weeks before the fatal affair reported below.

The quartet left Toronto on July 17, arriving in Baltimore on the morning of July 19, going direct to No. 108 North street. The women were friends of Pearl Snow. Wine was drunk freely during the morning by the entire party. About noon Hazeltine drew a pistol from his pocket and said he would kill somebody. The weapon was taken from him before any shooting could be done. During the afternoon Van Witten became beastly intoxicated and retired to sleep, the others remaining in the parlor. About 5:30 P. M. Pearl Snow went out of the parlor, leaving Hazeltine and the woman White and Thorpe alone.

A few minutes afterward Hazeltine asked Mamie to give him a diamond ring she wore. She refused, whereupon Hazeltine drew two pistols from his pockets and said he would kill her if she did not give up the gem. She again refused, and Hazeltine began firing. Two shots took effect in the woman's body. She ran into an adjoining room, exclaiming:

"I am shot!"

She expired in a moment. In the meantime May White, who had grappled with the murderer, was shot twice—in the arm and neck—receiving fatal wounds.

An officer then ran in and arrested Hazeltine, who refused to make any statement. Van Witten was also arrested. Mamie Thorpe was a handsome blonde, twenty-four years old, and was, it is stated, a daughter of a Mr. Jackson, an oyster-dealer of City Island, N. Y. May White refused to disclose her parentage, but is said to be highly connected.

The coroner's inquest threw some light on the history of the actors in this terrible tragedy.

The murderer's full name is Gilbert Wills Hazeltine, and his home is in Jamestown, N. Y. His father, Gilbert W. Hazeltine, is the leading druggist of Jamestown, and his family is of the highest respectability. He has an uncle in Grand Rapids, Mich., who is a member of the firm of Gilbert & Perkins. Young Hazeltine went to Baltimore about two months ago, having friends there, and intending to enter the Medical College there in the fall. He secured rooms on Eutaw street, and there became acquainted with Samuel E. Van Witten, a young lawyer. On July 9 they left Baltimore together, bidding good-bye to all the inmates of the North street house, with whom they had become acquainted, and went direct to Hazeltine's home in Jamestown. There they remained for a few days, and then took a trip through western New York, taking in Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Hazeltine was well supplied with money, and spent it very freely. In fact, the trip from Jamestown to Toronto was one continued debauch. At Toronto they met the two women, May White and Mamie Thorpe. May White kept a house of ill-fame, and Mamie Thorpe was one of the inmates. The women agreed to accompany the two young men to Baltimore, and off they started together.

Hazeltine was continually drinking to excess, and near Elmira he became so wild that he threw his valise, containing valuable papers, out of the car window. He sobered up, however, and when he murdered Mamie Thorpe and shot her companion he did not seem to be under the influence of liquor. He endeavored to maintain his composure before the coroner's jury, but in his cell afterward he broke down completely, and wept bitterly over his crime. Several of his Jamestown relatives visited him, and their meeting with him was a very mournful one. Nothing has been heard from the family of the murdered woman at Long Island City.

The feeling against Hazeltine is very strong, and his crime is pronounced one of the most cold-blooded murders which ever occurred in Baltimore. Ex-United States Senator William Pinkney Whyte has been engaged as his counsel.

## PRIZE FIGHT IN A THEATRE.

A Hot Battle Spoiled by a Foul Which Raises a Riot at El Paso.

Quite a large crowd of the sporting fraternity of El Paso assembled at the National theatre recently to witness the prize fight between Hill and Edwards. Several thousand dollars had been staked on the result, and the audience was worked up to fever heat long before the contestants appeared on the stage. The well-known Fashion band enlivened the occasion with some of their choicest selections, and were encored liberally and again for their loud efforts. Previous to the principal attraction, several minor contests took place, the first between Donnelly and McCormick, the former having his opponent completely at his mercy. This was followed by a friendly set-to between Pat Neal and Clarence Woods. Neal was very clever with the gloves, but good-naturedly refused to take advantage of his opponent, his blows being light, inflicting no punishment whatever. After the above set-to, Hill and Edwards got at it.

In the first round the men went quickly to work and give and take was the order of the stage. Finally Edwards clinched, and threw Hill.

The second round was simply a repetition of the first, the contestants slugging each other in a vicious manner. Edwards had, however, decidedly the better of the encounter, proving himself vastly superior to Hill as a boxer.

The third round began with both men cautiously sparring for an opening. They finally went at it, and Edwards, not heeding the advice of his trainer, Johnson Shay, forced the fighting, when he apparently had it all his own way. He got in several hot ones, and was following up impetuously, when Hill dropped to his knees. Edwards lost control of himself, and struck his man twice in that position. A cry of foul was instantly raised by Eggers, Hill's backer, and the scene that followed beggars description. A perfect

pandemonium ensued. Edwards rushed from his corner and threatened to annihilate Eggers, but was pulled off by Shay. The stage was instantly crowded with officers. The crowd jumped on the chairs and yelled like demons. There were cries of "fight it out," "foul," "kill 'em," etc., resounding through the hall, and the scene was disgraceful in every respect.

Had it not been for the prompt interference of Sheriff White and Marshal Borring and their assistants bloodshed would certainly have followed, as the partisans of the men were worked into a perfect frenzy of excitement at this unlooked-for result. Order was restored with much difficulty, and Holland announced that he would give his decision to Sheriff White in one hour. This produced another scene of excitement, and a perfect Bedlam followed. The theatre was finally cleared, and in an hour Sheriff White, John Holland, the referee, and two witnesses met in the reading-room of the Grand Central, when Holland announced that Edwards had lost the fight on one of the most palpable fouls ever given in a prize ring, and rendered his decision in writing accordingly, which was afterward read out in front of the theatre, and was received with applause by the lucky ones and derisive hisses by the victims of misplaced confidence.

Before the fight Hill told Eggers that he had no earthly show to knock Edwards out with the gloves furnished, and was dispirited accordingly. He, however, well knowing he would have to fight with the gloves given him, told Eggers that the only way he could win was by forcing his opponent to commit a foul, and how well he succeeded the result shows.

Had Edwards followed the advice of his trainer, who continuously begged him not to force the fighting, he could never have lost the fight, but in his eagerness to display his skill as a boxer, he overplayed himself, was caught napping and "downed" himself, his backer and his friends.

Holland's decision was a just one, as he could not, under the circumstances, have rendered any other, the foul being palpable to every one in the hall.

## WHERE SATAN HAS NO SHOW.

The Holy Summer Settlement of the Truly Good at the Seaside.

A lively lady correspondent who lately strayed into Asbury Park, the holy watering-place by the sea, near Long Branch, writes of the place in awe and wonder:

"There are so many rules and regulations, laws and by-laws that a heathen who strays here by chance and really temporarily means 'to be good' and obey all the laws might unconsciously become an iconoclast, and yet in his heart be not guilty. There are restrictions in the grove, the home of the righteous, that the park, the retreat for the mildly ungodly, hath not, and vice versa. You wander on the Asbury Park shore little dreaming what a magnitude of dangers are covertly lurking around to ensnare you, when you are startled by the sight of this horrifying printed notice posted up so conspicuously and numerously that he who runs may read. You wonder in a terrified maze what sort of place you have inadvertently stumbled upon that the following plain, bold notice should be necessary:

"Modesty of apparel is as becoming to a lady in a bathing-suit as it is to a lady dressed in silks and satins. A word to the wise is sufficient. No bathing on Sunday after half-past seven, A. M."

"You hurry along as if to escape some unknown danger, when you are confronted with another flaring notice warning bathers as follows:

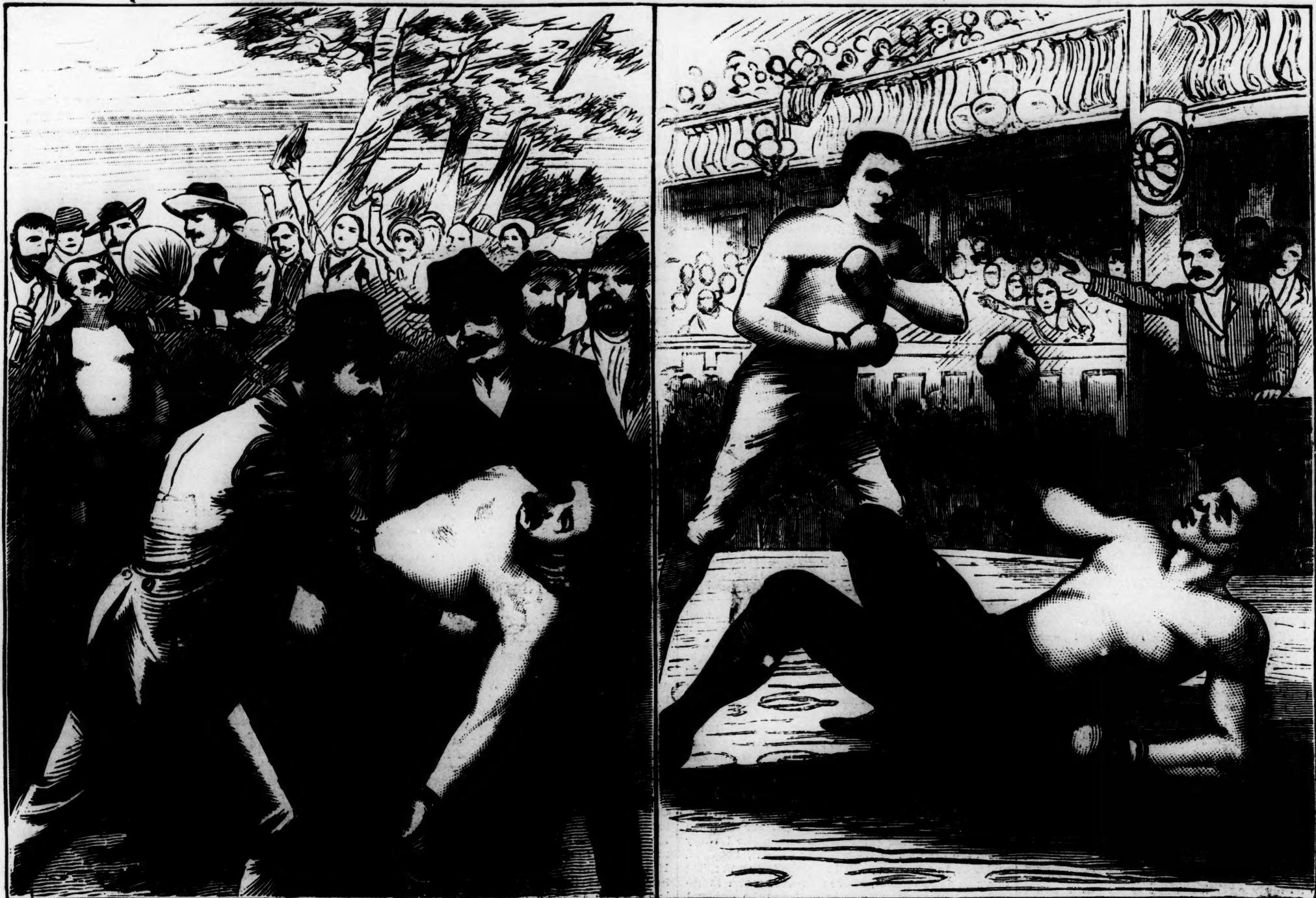
"Nude bathing will not be permitted at any time. Tights or trunks will not be allowed."

"Bathers are requested not to scream or shout while in the water, for by so doing the bathing-master will be unable to determine when his assistance may be needed."

"No bathing will be allowed on Sunday, after half-past seven o'clock A. M."

"All obscene or profane language is strictly forbidden."

"The police have orders to remove from the beach any persons, male or female, whose conduct is improper."



TWO BIG "KNOCK-OUTS."

WALLING VANQUISHED IN A RING FIGHT BY CAMPBELL AT LEAVILLE, CO., AND GOODE KNOCKED OUT BY CLEARY AT CHICAGO.



BOUND ON THE BACK OF A WILD BRONCHO.

AN INJURED HUSBAND IN NEBRASKA TAKE POETIC REVENGE ON HIS WIFE'S LOVER, WHO SURVIVES A FEARFUL RIDE OF TWO HUNDRED MILES THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.



## WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE.

SCENES AMONG THE LUNCHERS, HIGH AND LOW, WHEN THE TOCSIN OF HUNGER SOUNDS.

I.—Bachelor's Breakfast. II.—Noonday Lunch of Working-Girls. III.—Swell Breakfast at the Brunswick. IV.—The Five-Cent Feed D'Hote. V.—The Rathskeller. VI.—The French Table

VII.—The Laborer's Meal.

[SEE "THE BROADWAY ROUNDER," ON PAGE 6.]

## GOSSIP OF THE RING.

## Doings of Our Men of Pluck and Muscle.

## After-Talk of the Fulljames-Dempsey Fizzle, and Whispers From All Around the Fighting Circle.

It will require a contest between McCaffrey and Cleary, or the former and Burke, to prove whether McCaffrey is the pugilist many claim him to be. It is impossible to decide just how great a pugilist he may be until he meets some pugilist of greater reputation than Rennie, or Jack Stewart, who believes or boasts that he is the champion of Canada. Mervine Thompson knocked out Stewart, and Pete McCoy put him to sleep, consequently it was no hard task for Mac, and no great honor either, for the last affair was a ridiculous burlesque instead of a fight, after all. Judging from the performances of the many pugilists all eager to be styled champions, they should be classed as follows: In the first class, John L. Sullivan. In the second class, Charley Mitchell, while Sullivan claims the title. In the third class are Mike Cleary, John Kilrain and Jack Burke; while the following may be bunched in the fourth class: Dominic McCaffrey, Joe Pendergast, Paddy Ryan, Wm. Sheriff, Bill England and Jim Goode.

Harry Gilmore, champion light weight of Toronto, defeated Jack King, of Troy, in an eight-round glove contest, at Toronto, on July 13. Gilmore weighed 132 pounds, and King 157 pounds. The latter was too weak to continue fighting, and was nearly knocked out, and the referee declared Gilmore the winner. After J. Cooper, the referee, gave his decision, King showed his teeth and abused the referee. The decision rendered was a fair one, and the only reason King had to feel "sore" was that he was well and fairly beaten.

John Cavanagh, of Baltimore, formerly of Australia, states that he is ready to fight any pugilist in America at 112 pounds for \$1,000 a side and the feather-weight championship.

Boston sports are dead gone on John Kilrain. They hold him immeasurably superior to Cleary. Yet there are some stern facts at hand. Kilrain failed to knock out Jim Goode when he met him at the Crib Club, at Boston, and he failed again in the same venture with Goode when they met at Chicago. Kilrain also failed to knock out Wm. Sheriff when they met at Cambridge. On the other hand, Cleary knocked out Sheriff twice, and the first time he met Goode he put him under the influence of Morpheus in two minutes. Facts are facts.

At the time Dempsey and Fulljames signed articles of agreement to box for \$1,000 a side, they agreed that Richard K. Fox should hold the stakes, select the battle-ground and appoint a referee. After this document was signed and witnessed, Dempsey and Fulljames had no option but to follow the instructions of the stakeholder. No matter what place Mr. Fox selected for the battle-ground (provided it was a place within 250 miles of New York), no matter what sporting man he selected for referee, neither had any power to object. This is patent to any reasonable mind, and needs no argument.

Dempsey filled the agreement to the letter. He was at the place selected at 9 A. M., and waited until 10:15 A. M., fifteen minutes later than necessary, but neither Fulljames nor any representative was on the ground. Fulljames had been at the place, but not finding Dempsey left a written paper to prove he had been on the ground and then left. This was just where Fulljames made a mistake. It was his duty to remain at or in close proximity to the battle-ground until after 10 A. M., and then, if Dempsey had failed to appear, to claim the stakes. But he was not there to the limit of time. Fulljames had no excuse to make that would stand.

No police prevented him from being on the ground. There were no officers at the place selected for the battle—in fact, nobody there to oppose him but the man he had agreed to fight.

Dempsey, according to the London prize ring rules, was entitled to the stakes, and if the stakeholder had been willing to have settled the matter without a fight he would have been justified in handing over the money to the Brooklyn man, who proved in every way that he was eager to fight. It seems, on the other hand, that Fulljames and those behind him were not equally eager—in fact quite the reverse. They had fears, they say, that their champion would not receive fair play.

The place selected for the contest was one of the most isolated in the country, and just the place for a glove contest. The referee selected was one of the best of men for the position, and nearly every sporting man of Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore indorsed him. The peculiarity about him was that he was square, too honest, and no one could intimidate him. Perhaps it was because of these good qualities on the part of the referee that there was no fight. All Richard K. Fox desired was that the best man should win, and that both men should receive fair play. He was determined there should be no win, tie or wrangle. If Fulljames could demonstrate his superiority to Dempsey, he wanted him to get the award which would be his due, and vice versa for Dempsey. That's all there is to it.

Australia now boasts of a pugilist who must be a god one if we only judge from the fact that Larry Foley refused to fight him. This new one is Billy Farnan, who has put up £50 to fight either Pete Newton, Larry Foley or Tom Jackson. Here is a letter Farnan wrote to the Australian *Sportsman*:

"SIR—In a recent issue of the *Sportsman* I thought was given a rather mild version of the glove contest between Newton and myself. Newton, however, says—firstly, that I never beat him. I reassert that I had to fight his (Newton's) brother part of one round as well as himself, and that I knocked him (Newton) out of time in less than a quarter of an hour, he not being able to come to time. A friend of Newton's, who shall be nameless, ran and put out the gas, but the fact that truth is not palatable will account for the favorable statement Newton has given of himself. Newton says he asked me to spar, and offered me five shillings, but the fact is that Nathan asked me to spar with Newton, and that it was readied up he was to knock me out if he got the chance, which he (Newton) did by taking me unawares, thereby showing his spite and meanness. He says I offered the whole of the takings, and that I had an excuse that I was drugged at Bos-

Tyler's benefit—which was a fact; as the late Dr. Molloy, who was attending me, assured me I was suffering from the effects of a drug. Newton says I challenged him a week later. The fact that I was bad for a fortnight is answer for itself. He also says the round lasted five minutes, but as he (Newton) would not allow more than six of my friends to pass in, it will show that I had nothing to do with that, even if it was the fact. He adds that he bested me at Ted Entwistle's benefit, and that I struck at him with my bare knuckles. As Newton made the first move to take off the gloves, that statement can be taken for what it is worth. He says he challenged me twice, lastly through Jack Graham, and that I refused; but he does not say anything about my offer to glove-fight him (Newton) and Nathan in the same ring, in reply to that, which was made in Prof. Miller's presence. And lastly, he says he will argue the point. I hope he will save the pugil from that anyhow, and will not want as much encouragement as I have given 'Our Larry.'

"As regards Prof. Jackson, his weight is 15 stone, and height 6 feet 3 inches, besides being Foley's nominee (as I have no doubt he is). In the event of Foley not coming to the scratch, I shall be able to accommodate him if he comes to Melbourne. Hoping the truth will excuse the length of this letter, I remain,

"W. FARNAN."

The editor of the above paper says:

"Farnan has posted £50 in our hands as the first deposit of the £100 he is willing to box Foley for. He is content that the match should come off in Sydney, and only waits now the intimation that the £50 expenses he asks for are planked with some responsible person in Sydney to go right away. This decision, he tells me, is final, and here all 'paper talk' must stop. Further, that if Foley is not satisfied with these terms (Farnan) will turn his attention elsewhere."

Many supposed that Frank White, the feather-weight pugilist and boniface of the "Champions' Rest" in the Bowery, was eager to fight George Fulljames, but the following which is clipped from the *Da/ly News* July 20, don't make it possible. Read what White says:

"I was surprised on reading an article stating that I was willing to be matched against Fulljames for from \$500 to \$1,000 a side, London rules, and that the man and money could be found at the 'Champions' Rest.' In this the *News* has been misinformed. In the first place, if I was willing to make a match I would make it in a newspaper office, not at my place of business. In the second place, Fulljames and Dempsey will come together and battle, and after that Fulljames will never be heard of again, for Dempsey will slaughter him. I certainly did say in Baltimore that I was disgusted with Fulljames and his tactics to avoid fighting. The people who have invested a dollar on him will be sadder and wiser men after he fights; but he will kindly console them with how he conveniently got hurt or had vertigo, or was sunstruck. Before I was in business I made every endeavor to have another 'go' at Fulljames, but nothing could tempt him. Now it is necessary that I do one of two things—either give up fighting or give up my business. I guess I will drop the scrapping—that is, the ring business."

"FRANK WHITE."

The prize fight in England, between Jack Knifton, the 51-tonner, and Jack Massey, for \$500, was decided on July 10, within 100 miles of London. The fight was according to the rules of the London prize ring, at catch-weights. In regard to the mill, the *Sporting Life* of London, Eng., July 11, says:

"Knifton's superior height and length of reach were manifest. Both were somewhat cautious, the big one evidently feeling the novelty of his position, and after sparring for some time Massey dashed in his left under the eye, from which the blood was soon seen trickling. Knifton, however, nothing daunted, went to close quarters, and after a few exchanges both were down side by side. Both were up quickly to the call of 'Time' for their second meeting. Massey again trying for the old spot, but was short in his delivery, and Knifton, countering him, got well home with his right on the left eye. Both pegged away merrily for a short time, when they closed, and Massey had the best of the fall. They had now fairly warmed to their work, and began to show the result of each other's labor. Knifton would not be denied, and commenced to follow his man all over the ring, and it was thus early seen that Massey would not be able to give the amount of weight away. Space will not permit us to give the result of each particular round, suffice it to say that several were very short ones, no less than thirty eight being got through in 40 minutes, when Massey, finding he had no chance, gave in. Neither man was very heavily punished, each having one eye shut up, and a few bruises on various parts of the neck and chest, but it is only fair to the loser to say that his hands were getting useless. The whole of the party, which did not muster above twenty, all told, were back in London by 11 o'clock, the arrangements having been carried out in a first-class manner."

James W. Clark, who keeps the "Police Gazette" Park, Scranton, Pa., has forwarded a forfeit to this office with the following challenge:

SCRANTON, PA., July 25, 1884.

I am prepared to match Hubert Johnson to fight Patay Hogan with bare knuckles according to the new rules of the London prize ring for \$250 or \$300 a side, Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and to appoint the referee and select the battle-ground. The fight to be at catch-weights and decided within 100 miles of Scranton, Pa., within four or five weeks from signing articles of agreement.

Now, if Hogan and his backers mean business, they will cover the deposit which I forward you, and will appoint a time and place for signing articles of agreement.

JAMES W. CLARK.

Col. Tom Earley, the well-known sporting man, boniface and pugilistic backer, of the Earley House, Lagrange street, Boston, arrived from England on July 20, on board the *Arizona*. He says he had a most enjoyable trip, having spent two weeks on the Continent, and visiting the principal race meetings in England during his peregrinations. He has accumulated a large number of rare sporting prints, books and paintings, several being presents from old and new friends. Alf. Greenfield, of Birmingham, contributed nine very valuable sporting pictures. Peter Doyle, of the Locomotive Inn (Jack Cooke's old house), Manchester, and many others, also made presents. Tom desires us to thank Joe Alkins, Alf. Greenfield, and other noted celebrities, who extended him every courtesy while in England. The Colonel had a grand reception at his sporting house on July 20.

A glove contest, four rounds, for \$250, between Mike Haley, of Des Moines, and Smith of Omaha, was announced to take place at the East Side Skating Rink,

Des Moines, on July 14. A large crowd was present, White and Brinegar opened the ball with a spirited set-to, followed by Prof. Uriel with club-swinging. Two collar laddies from the old country (Samuel James and Charles Parsons) delighted those present by a good-natured bout of four rounds. Then came Dan Guthrey, a smart, promising youth, to set-to with the old veteran, Kelly. This was the best performance of the evening. Kelly was formerly of London, Eng., and it makes his eye kindle to have any one talk to him on sporting matters. After Guthrey and Kelly had settled their little difference, Mike Haley was introduced by your representative as follows:

"Gentlemen, this is Mike Haley, of Des Moines."

Mike assumed a fighting posture and shouted:

"Where's Smith, of Omaha?"

This remark was greeted with loud cheers. Things were beginning to get lively and there was great excitement. Clarence Burton, a local sport and backer of Smith, stood up and said that Smith was not in town, or something to that effect, but, as there was such a noise and he spoke low, it was difficult to hear what he did say. A local reporter then got the floor, and stated that Smith was seen at a hotel an hour before, and if he did not turn up the money would be given to Haley. Then came a wrangle and chin-music that would have pleased some of you New Yorkers who like much talk mixed with a little fight. Clarence Burton began to shout out something about backing Smith for \$1,000, and displayed a roll of bills.

Newspaper reporters and a few sports on the edge of the ring joined in the hurrah. Haley stood in the ring alone, shouting out for Smith to come. He wanted Smith—he hungered for him. Where was Smith?

Five hundred coal-miners were meantime splitting their throats cheering for Haley and shouting "coward" at mention of Smith's name. When peace was restored the entertainment wound up with a meeting between J. J. Calvin and Haley, in which Calvin proved himself to be a scientific boxer.

Haley claims to be the middle-weight champion of Iowa. In fact he has a very good record, having figured often in the "magic circle." He is willing to fight with or without gloves for love or money at any time.

Who is the next pugilist Parsons Davis will parade to get even on Mike Cleary for knocking out Jim Goode? If Davis wants a first-class man he should secure Leonard Tracey, of Brooklyn, who recently settled Hughey Burns. Tracey is a big, powerful athlete, and will stand an hour's beating at any time, without counting what he will give his antagonist meantime.

Hugh Stoddard the Syracuse Wonder, made things lively among the Jersey men on July 20. He keeps a sporting saloon in Jersey City, and a fight broke out among the sporting men who frequent his resort. Stoddard jumped in and thrashed the leader of the riot, one Connelly, so thoroughly that he revenged himself by having Stoddard arrested.

The latest from Jim Mace, is that he has an unknown whom he styles Excelsior. This poetic personage he intends to bring over to this country with him in September, not on poetry, but on slugging intent. If Mace's protege is no better than Slade, Jim should leave him in the London tap-rooms, for we've been progressing in pugilism here and Excelsior will be sent up "higher still higher" at the first go, than even the poet ever dreamed his hero could be.

George Cooke recently visited Richard K. Fox and stated he was ready to fight any pugilist in America.

Cooke must have gained fresh courage since he was knocked out Bill England. His ambition is to meet Cleary again, but there seems little hope for him, as Cleary's time is all filled up for a month or two ahead.

Duncan McDonald, the plucky pugilist of Butte City, Montana, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on July 20. McDonald is the fighter that made the great battle with Pete McCoy at Butte City. He stands about 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs 174 pounds. He still thinks he can whip McCoy, and says he will challenge him to fight again ere the snow flies.

Dominick McCaffrey has been for some time past trying to bring about a match with Cleary, and Mike must take him up in due order. There is no way out of it.

Joe Pendergast, the Brooklyn favorite, will grow stale if he does not soon arrange a match with one of the many good ones who are looking for matches.

The Brooklyn pet has not appeared in public since he laid out Hughey Burns. What is the reason? Is he too modest? Are his gloves too small to get on, or his hands swelled or is the weather too warm? Or does he lack confidence?

Charles Mitchell, the English pugilist, says: "I am still troubled with malaria and my physician has ordered me to stay in New York city. I will not spar any more at present. But as soon as I get well and can stand it, I will go into strict training for my encounter with Sullivan in September."

Harry James wishes to spar James Mitchell, Jack Keenan, or Billy Frazier four rounds. Marquis of Queenberry rules, for \$100 a side and some of the gate receipts.

Recently, at Philadelphia, Jack Critchley "knocked out" Harry Tew, with a tremendous left-hander on the bread-basket. They say the blow could be heard for squares. Tew doubled up like a jack-knife. The contest was for a handsome silver pitcher. Both men were in good condition, and scaled 150 pounds. Ed. R. McGinnan acted as referee, and Jack Scully as time-keeper. Critchley was handled by Young Golden, and Tew by Jack Kelly.

Arthur Chamber gives a very interesting and scientific entertainment in the art of self-defense at his establishment, 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, every Saturday evening. For the comfort of his patrons he has had forty steam fans fixed all over the premises.

Walter Watson, the English pugilist, is to be matched to fight George Cooke for \$1,000. Watson has a backer who will find him the stakes, and he is ready to meet his countryman for \$1,000, and is not particular whether the match is made for gloves or the bare knuckles.

In order to prove who is the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, Richard K. Fox has decided to offer a champion belt for McLaughlin, Dufur, McMahon and Decker to contend for. All of these famous trippers claim they are champions. The contest for the trophy will be held in New York in October.

John Bunnell, the soldier of Fort Hamilton, New York, who was nearly whipped in a prize fight (in which five rounds were fought) by Tim Wilson, will be tried by court-martial.

Charles Mitchell, the English champion, is said to be worth \$20,000. It is expected that after his next glove encounter with John L. Sullivan he will retire.

Billy Madden has engaged a number of prominent pugilists and wrestlers, and they will box every night at Madden's Athletic Hall, 120 East Thirteenth street,

## TOM CRIBB'S BATTLES.

(Continued from No. 358.)

The betting was 3 to 1 on Cribb, while just before the commencement of the proceedings Capt. Barclay laid £1,200 to £800 that his protege would win the first knock-down blow. All being ready, "Time" was called. The men walked to the scratch, shook hands, and, without further loss of time, commenced their

## SECOND FIGHT.

ROUND 1.—Cribb seemed determined to win his patron's last bet without loss of time, for, after less than a minute's sparring, he went in right and left, landed severely on the black's body, got cleverly away from the return, and then, after a short and sharp rally, achieved the first knock-down blow with a heavy hit in the throat.

ROUND 2.—A tremendous rally took place, as though by mutual consent, the champion again at work with body blows, but receiving one on the mouth, which turned on the tap, giving the black first blood. More fighting at half-arm's length followed, the exchange being of the most severe character until they closed, when Molineaux again showed his superiority as a wrestler by throwing Cribb heavily, causing some of his supporters to express their readiness to take 5 to 2.

ROUND 3.—A great difference was now evident in the tactics of the combatants. Molineaux was aiming at the head alone, and was doing this so effectively that he had already almost darkened Cribb's right eye. The champion, on the other hand, fighting right and left, was dividing his attention equally between head and body, the intention of the latter being to still further damage the African's wind, which he had already found was defective.

At the commencement of this round both men forced the fighting in a most furious manner, Cribb planting a real smasher on the ribs, which made Molineaux spin like a teetotum, in spite of which he returned at once to the rally in the most gallant manner, getting well home on the champion's eye and mouth, darkening the former still more, and drawing another stream of the crimson from the latter. Again the black displayed at once his enormous strength and his powers as a wrestler, for, after closing, he grasped Cribb with one hand, and, with the other resting on the stage, threw him completely over, a clean cross-buttock. The more unsophisticated of those who had laid the long odds looked decidedly glum at this state of affairs, and the odds fell to 7 to 4, a price which would hardly have been laid but for the readiness of Capt. Barclay and a few of the cleverest of the fancy to cover all the money that was offered.

ROUND 4.—Cribb seemed little the worse for his heavy fall, but his head was severely punished. It was evident, however, to the initiated that the severe body blows he had delivered, although they did not make

so much impression on the general body of the spectators, were doing their work, and another smasher he now delivered on the lower ribs set Molineaux puffing like a grampus. He, however, renewed the rally, and in the end Cribb went down from a trifling blow.

ROUND 5.—Molineaux, still puffing and blowing, Cribb's head considerably swollen, but both determined to settle the business as rapidly as possible, went in at once, and the punishment inflicted on both sides was really terrific, the black,

## OUR NATIONAL GAME.

The Metropolitans Return and Make an Exhibition of Themselves.

The Metropolitans returned to New York from their first Western tour July 17, and reopened the American Association championship series of games in New York city, with the Athletics of Philadelphia, as opponents. Over three thousand people visited the ground and gave them a hearty reception in anticipation of seeing an excellent game of baseball, but a more thoroughly disgusted assemblage of spectators scarcely ever graced a ball-field than they were over the miserable display made by both clubs, but the Metropolitans in particular, who played like a lot of old washerwomen. Holbert's work behind the bat seemed to be the chief attraction, and it is doubtful if he could have caught a balloon in the seventh inning, when he virtually presented the Athletics with the game, much to the chagrin of the spectators. Troy, for some unknown reason, seemed to be in bad odor with the crowd, and they hissed and hooted and gayed him from the very start to the finish, although he only made two glaring errors, the others really belonging to men who had thrown the balls wildly at him. The game opened with the Metropolitans at the bat, who were shut out from scoring on a very pretty double-play by Houck, Stricker and Storey, owing to Esterbrook's inability to work his canal-boats between home and first base. The Athletics in their half of the inning scored an earned run, which made Holbert so mad that he threw the ball out to center field instead of second base, and the crowd gayed Troy for the error—for not jumping up into the air about 10 ft and catching the ball as it passed over second base. Roseman, in the second inning, made a three-base hit and was so much elated over his success, that he hugged the base like a bear, while the next three batters were put out. He had one splendid opportunity to score, but lost it, as he preferred waiting until he could get an opportunity to lie down and roll in. In the fourth inning Keefe lost his temper and hit Corey at the bat as hard as he could throw it, simply because Corey made a base hit in the first inning which brought in an earned run. Troy was playing without his scine, and, as might be expected, Corey reached second base when he started to run down, as every one knows that Troy can't catch a ball with his bare hands—he did attempt it, but Corey ran over on top of him as though he had been a potato-bug, and the ball went sailing out in the field, and Troy rolled in the dust while Corey stepped on the base as though he had met with no obstruction. Milligan, the next batsman, gave Troy a fine opportunity to throw Corey out at third base, but Troy, thinking a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush, disposed of Milligan at first base. He saw his mistake, and the Louisville Courier-Journal comes out with the following: "Manager Walsh grows in popularity every day. He is not only an excellent baseball man, but an obliging gentleman." Let him ever go against the Louisville Club and they will not only eat their own words, but they will eat Walsh as well.

BILLY BANNER, who is an officer in the Fourteenth regiment of Brooklyn, has gained quite a reputation throughout the country for the able manner in which he has trained his Baltimore nine in military tactics. In every town they have struck thus far they have received great praise for the manner in which they have entered and left the ball-field.

THE Detroits have not been slow about catching on to the new scheme of getting the ball-players to work for nothing through the system of fining, as Jack Chapman saved \$50 for Mayor Thompson, recently, by fining Shaw \$30 and Minke \$20 for alleged poor playing. Jack thinks by the middle of September he can have the club free of debt.

JOE Job had had the patience possessed by the Detroit baseball admirers he certainly deserves his world-wide reputation, as the bum Detroit Club gets knocked out in nearly every game they play; still the Detroits flock to the grounds as if they were the leaders in the race, instead of the bummiest professional club in the League.

SHAW, who jumped his contract with the Detroits, and joined the Unions, is now squeaking like a pig, and says he will return to Detroit if the club management will give him \$300 bonus, but Manager Chapman doesn't seem willing to give him anything more than a horsewhip, which he would like to bestow freely.

THE MONUMENTAL CLUB, of Baltimore, which was choked to death some time since by financial embarrassment, has come to life again. Some kind fellow having loaned the manager a quarter, they have re-entered the Eastern Association, and will continue in that organization as long as the 25 cents last.

ANSON is trying to square up the failure of the Chicagoans this year by inflicting fines on the poor players. While in Buffalo he blustered \$170 in one day. It is thought by the close of the season that Flint will owe the club about half a million of dollars, besides having played for nothing all summer.

BANNAN, the incompetent, has at last met his just due, and has been fired bodily by the American Association. This is the insignificant little snipe who informed the New York spectators that he was running the game, and would have the first man who said anything to him thrown out of the grounds.

THE NORTHWESTERN LEAGUE are this season in hard luck—financially. There is hardly a club in the association which has not been obliged to go down on their knees and beg for assistance from the patrons of the game in their respective towns to enable them to pull through the season.

THEX are more bloody idiots at the head of baseball clubs than can be found in all the lunatic asylums in the United States put together. A sample of their lunacy is to be found in the management of the Stillwater Club for fining one of their members \$10 for an accidental wild throw.

SAYS a Philadelphia paper: "Jack Lenny and Frank McLaughlin, two of the most talented 'boozers' in the baseball profession, after creating a corner in the whisky market during their short stay with the Chicago Unions, are once more open for engagements."

FAPA CHADWICK was kind of severe on Bill Taylor when he pitched for the Athletics in New York, but if he had seen the game old 'Bolby' pitched in Baltimore, when the Athletics beat Barrie's crowd, he would just think that he could pitch little bit.

THE BOSTON RESERVES have fallen far short of the brilliant work that was expected from them by the Boston management at the beginning of the season. The Massachusetts Association was formed through the efforts of the Boston press in order that the Boston Reserves would have a regular set of clubs to contend with, so that they might win fine laurels and form another source of revenue for the Boston treasury. In both respects, however, they have proved a dead failure. In the first place there were too many other clubs in the Association that knew more about ball-playing than they did, and in the next place no one wanted to see a second nine play ball. Consequently, the reserve team system has proved a failure in Boston, as well as in every other city in the United States wherever the reserve team system has been tried.

THE NEW YORKERS were pretty badly strapped July 14, when they landed in Philadelphia, and they had to hawk their uniforms in order to get a square meal. Consequently, when it came time to play the game, Manager Price had to go around and borrow uniforms for his men to play in. The Cincinnati Unions loaned them seven suits, and the other two were borrowed from the Philadelphia and junior club. Connor took the clean suit and left the dirty one furnished by the Philadelphians for Richardson, but Connor got the worst of the bargain, as his suit gave him the appearance of a Coney Island bather, the bottom of his pants being several inches above the top of his stockings, and his shirt resembling a Seymour coat.

WICKOFF uses about as much judgment in his official capacity as Secretary of the American Association as might be expected of a goat, were it occupying the same position. Some jackass connected with the Columbus Club told Wickoff that a certain official scorer gave him a couple more errors than he deserved, and Wickoff, instead of paying no attention to him, as he should have done, sat down and wrote to the manager of that club, requesting that the official scorer be dismissed, and that a fresh lot of certi-

fied scores be sent to him. In this, however, he was badly left, as he was politely informed by the manager that there was no better scorer in the United States than the man with whom he was finding fault.

A sum of names has been arranged between the St. Louis, of the American Association, and the St. Louis, of the Union Association, to play during the latter part of October, which is one of the ways of getting around the bitter feeling between the National Agreement clubs and the Unions. One need hardly be surprised to hear of the same racket being worked in Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

THE BIGGEST gall that has probably ever been heard of in the demand the Yale and Princeton clubs make through their law of \$400 damages for the canceling of the game in Brooklyn between these clubs, which game was played the same day on Metropolitan Park, in New York, where they failed to attract attention, even of the goats, although the game was played on the old dumpings grounds, which are familiar to every goat in Harlem.

THE DISCIPLINE in the St. Louis Club is about the worst in the United States, not that it reflects discredit on poor little Jimmie Williams, as the club is made up of one of the hardest lot of toughs, to get along with, in the country, and to keep any sort of order among them it would take at least twenty policemen, each with a club in one hand and a revolver in the other, standing guard over them day and night.

THEX were a number of young ladies in the grand stand during the Athletic-Metropolitan game of July 19. Esterbrook made a very pretty base hit, and one said: "Oh, Frank, who is that ball-player?" "That is Esterbrook, the dude of the club," was the reply. "Why, he's not a dude," said the lady. "Oh, yes, he is," was the response. "No, no; you never saw a dude with such foot as he has."

ONE OBJECTION to Senator Thurman as a Presidential candidate is that he is getting to be an enthusiast on baseball. Who ever heard of Julius Caesar, or any other Roman, watching the baseball bulletins, and talking fluently about "bunching their hits," "slugging the ball for a home-run," and anxiously inquiring "if the home-club has its Mascot on?"—Columbus Dispatch.

WALSH recently gave every decision in favor of the home club, and the Louisville Courier-Journal comes out with the following: "Manager Walsh grows in popularity every day. He is not only an excellent baseball man, but an obliging gentleman." Let him ever go against the Louisville Club and they will not only eat their own words, but they will eat Walsh as well.

BILLY BANNAN, who is an officer in the Fourteenth regiment of Brooklyn, has gained quite a reputation throughout the country for the able manner in which he has trained his Baltimore nine in military tactics. In every town they have struck thus far they have received great praise for the manner in which they have entered and left the ball-field.

THE Detroits have not been slow about catching on to the new scheme of getting the ball-players to work for nothing through the system of fining, as Jack Chapman saved \$50 for Mayor Thompson, recently, by fining Shaw \$30 and Minke \$20 for alleged poor playing. Jack thinks by the middle of September he can have the club free of debt.

JOE Job had had the patience possessed by the Detroit baseball admirers he certainly deserves his world-wide reputation, as the bum Detroit Club gets knocked out in nearly every game they play; still the Detroits flock to the grounds as if they were the leaders in the race, instead of the bummiest professional club in the League.

SHAW, who jumped his contract with the Detroits, and joined the Unions, is now squeaking like a pig, and says he will return to Detroit if the club management will give him \$300 bonus, but Manager Chapman doesn't seem willing to give him anything more than a horsewhip, which he would like to bestow freely.

THE MONUMENTAL CLUB, of Baltimore, which was choked to death some time since by financial embarrassment, has come to life again. Some kind fellow having loaned the manager a quarter, they have re-entered the Eastern Association, and will continue in that organization as long as the 25 cents last.

ANSON is trying to square up the failure of the Chicagoans this year by inflicting fines on the poor players. While in Buffalo he blustered \$170 in one day. It is thought by the close of the season that Flint will owe the club about half a million of dollars, besides having played for nothing all summer.

BANNAN, the incompetent, has at last met his just due, and has been fired bodily by the American Association. This is the insignificant little snipe who informed the New York spectators that he was running the game, and would have the first man who said anything to him thrown out of the grounds.

THEX are more bloody idiots at the head of baseball clubs than can be found in all the lunatic asylums in the United States put together. A sample of their lunacy is to be found in the management of the Stillwater Club for fining one of their members \$10 for an accidental wild throw.

SAYS a Philadelphia paper: "Jack Lenny and Frank McLaughlin, two of the most talented 'boozers' in the baseball profession, after creating a corner in the whisky market during their short stay with the Chicago Unions, are once more open for engagements."

FAPA CHADWICK was kind of severe on Bill Taylor when he pitched for the Athletics in New York, but if he had seen the game old 'Bolby' pitched in Baltimore, when the Athletics beat Barrie's crowd, he would just think that he could pitch little bit.

THE BOSTON RESERVES have fallen far short of the brilliant work that was expected from them by the Boston management at the beginning of the season. The Massachusetts Association was formed through the efforts of the Boston press in order that the Boston Reserves would have a regular set of clubs to contend with, so that they might win fine laurels and form another source of revenue for the Boston treasury. In both respects, however, they have proved a dead failure. In the first place there were too many other clubs in the Association that knew more about ball-playing than they did, and in the next place no one wanted to see a second nine play ball. Consequently, the reserve team system has proved a failure in Boston, as well as in every other city in the United States wherever the reserve team system has been tried.

THE NEW YORKERS were pretty badly strapped July 14, when they landed in Philadelphia, and they had to hawk their uniforms in order to get a square meal. Consequently, when it came time to play the game, Manager Price had to go around and borrow uniforms for his men to play in. The Cincinnati Unions loaned them seven suits, and the other two were borrowed from the Philadelphia and junior club. Connor took the clean suit and left the dirty one furnished by the Philadelphians for Richardson, but Connor got the worst of the bargain, as his suit gave him the appearance of a Coney Island bather, the bottom of his pants being several inches above the top of his stockings, and his shirt resembling a Seymour coat.

WICKOFF uses about as much judgment in his official capacity as Secretary of the American Association as might be expected of a goat, were it occupying the same position. Some jackass connected with the Columbus Club told Wickoff that a certain official scorer gave him a couple more errors than he deserved, and Wickoff, instead of paying no attention to him, as he should have done, sat down and wrote to the manager of that club, requesting that the official scorer be dismissed, and that a fresh lot of certi-

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RICHARD K. FOX.

Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

M. N. H., Boston, Mass.—Tom Kelly, of St. Louis, who succeeded Paddy Ryan, has fought eight times in the ring. In England he beat Jack Connor, Dan Lomas, Bill Brown, Jack Roche (a cross and all bets decided off), and Dick Rowley. He was beaten by Jack Roche and Harry Allen. He arrived in this country Jan. 11, 1883. On Sept. 11, 1882, at Carroll Island, St. Louis, he fought Fred Bussey, of Chicago, at 154 lbs. Kelly won in 27 rounds, lasting 35 min. He was born at Bradford, Eng., in 1856.

M. H., Egypt, Ill.—During the war in the Northern army there were killed in battle 1,355 regulars, 41,369 white volunteers, and 1,514 colored volunteers—a total of 44,238. In addition to this there died of wounds, accidents and injuries, in all 49,305; of disease, 186,216; suicide, homicide and execution, 529; unknown cause, 24,184—making a total casualty list, 304,363. There are no exact statistics of the loss in the Southern army.

J. S., Baltimore, Md.—When two pugilists put up a stake and sign articles of agreement which specify that the final stakeholder shall select the battle-ground and appoint a referee, neither of the pugilists have any more to do in the premises but to follow the stakeholder's instructions, and the fact of their objecting to the place named for fighting or the referee chosen would amount to nothing.

A. L. E. Carthage, N. M.—J. J. Stewart, of Glasgow, Scotland, and Jack Stewart, of London, Canada, are two different pugilists. J. Jack Stewart and Alf Greenfield never fought as opponents, but Jem Stewart and Greenfield did fight and the latter's arm was broken in the fifth round. Greenfield would not give in and in the thirteenth round won the battle after fighting 18 and 2.

S. G., Port Dover, Canada.—The American-bred mare Priores won the Cesarewitch in 1857, after a dead heat with El Hakim and Queen Bee. Priores was four years old and carried 93 lbs. She was ridden by George Fordham. El Hakim was a three-year-old and carried the same weight. Queen Bee, also a three-year-old, carried 96 lbs.

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**A Nail in His Brain.**

This is the age of horrors and no mistake. Here is a hair-raising case. There lived in South Baltimore, Valentine Fritz, who was aged sixty-nine, and in very feeble health. On Tuesday, July 15, he went out for a walk, and was found late in the evening in the suburbs, sitting by the roadside crying like a child. He said he had been picking berries but had fallen and hurt himself. When he was taken home and a doctor examined him, the head of a nail was discovered protruding from his skull. It was extracted by Dr. Blake and was found to be a small spike about two inches long. It had been driven in at the crown and bent forward toward the forehead. The wound caused partial paralysis on one side.

The old man was questioned by the police and either could not or would not tell how the nail had been driven into his head. He soon after lost consciousness. There are several theories advanced—one that his half-idiot boy drove it into the man's skull, another that when he fell he struck his head against it, and still another that Fritz drove the nail in himself to end his life. The curious case is being investigated by the authorities.

Subsequent investigation shows that when Fritz returned home he was suffering from sun-stroke, and that while lying unconscious in his bed his idiot son, aged twenty years, crept up stealthily and drove a tenpenny nail in the old man's head. So firmly was the nail imbedded that the flesh had to be cut away before the nippers could grasp the nail-head and draw it out. The man will die.

**Westmont, the Phenomenal Pacer.**

Our turf loving readers will be interested in our portrait of Westmont drawn from life by our artist at Chicago, Ill. Westmont is a dark-chestnut gelding, with a small white patch on or near hind pastern, and is now eight years old. Although he is a pacer he is trotting bred, being by that great sire of trotters, Almont, out of a mare of Morgan descent. Westmont came out in 1882, but did not attain prominence until last season. He started in slower classes, but

quickly made his way up to the "free for all" by making a record of 2:15 $\frac{1}{2}$  at Beacon Park, Boston, last fall. His great record was made at Chicago Driving Park recently, when in an exhibition race with running mate Firebrand, he made the stupendous record of 2:01 $\frac{1}{4}$  for a mile, the sectional parts of which were timed as follows. First quarter, 30 $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds; half, 1:01 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; three-quarters, 1:30; mile, 2:01 $\frac{1}{4}$ . He was then owned by H. S. Johnson, but was sold immediately after his great race to Mr. J. M. Hill, of Chicago, who is well known as the manager of Margaret Mather, Denman Thompson and other theatrical celebrities. The price paid was a stiff one, \$20,000, but as it is more than likely it will be some time before the record made will be lowered or even approached, the gallant chestnut is well worth the money.

**A Colony of Grass Widows.**

The "tony" society of Newport is becoming alarmed in earnest this time, judging from the following extract from a private letter written

by a young society belle and found by a POLICE GAZETTE correspondent on board one of the Newport boats:

"The colony of unhappy wives at Newport is shocked, outraged, chagrined and dismayed. I wrote some time ago about the large number of women, including Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont and Mrs. Henry Turnbull, who have been residing in Newport for the past two years, intending at the completion of their third year to take out a divorce from their husbands under the Rhode Island laws. It has been the law, ever since law has existed in Rhode Island, to grant a divorce to any woman who has lived away from her husband for three years in that State. There has been no end of family scandals among the wealthier people of the city the past two years. The clubs have been kept gossiping about them continually. Not a few of them have been solved by the retirement of the wives to Newport, where they have taken up residences and organized a little set which cannot be equaled, as far as family history is con-

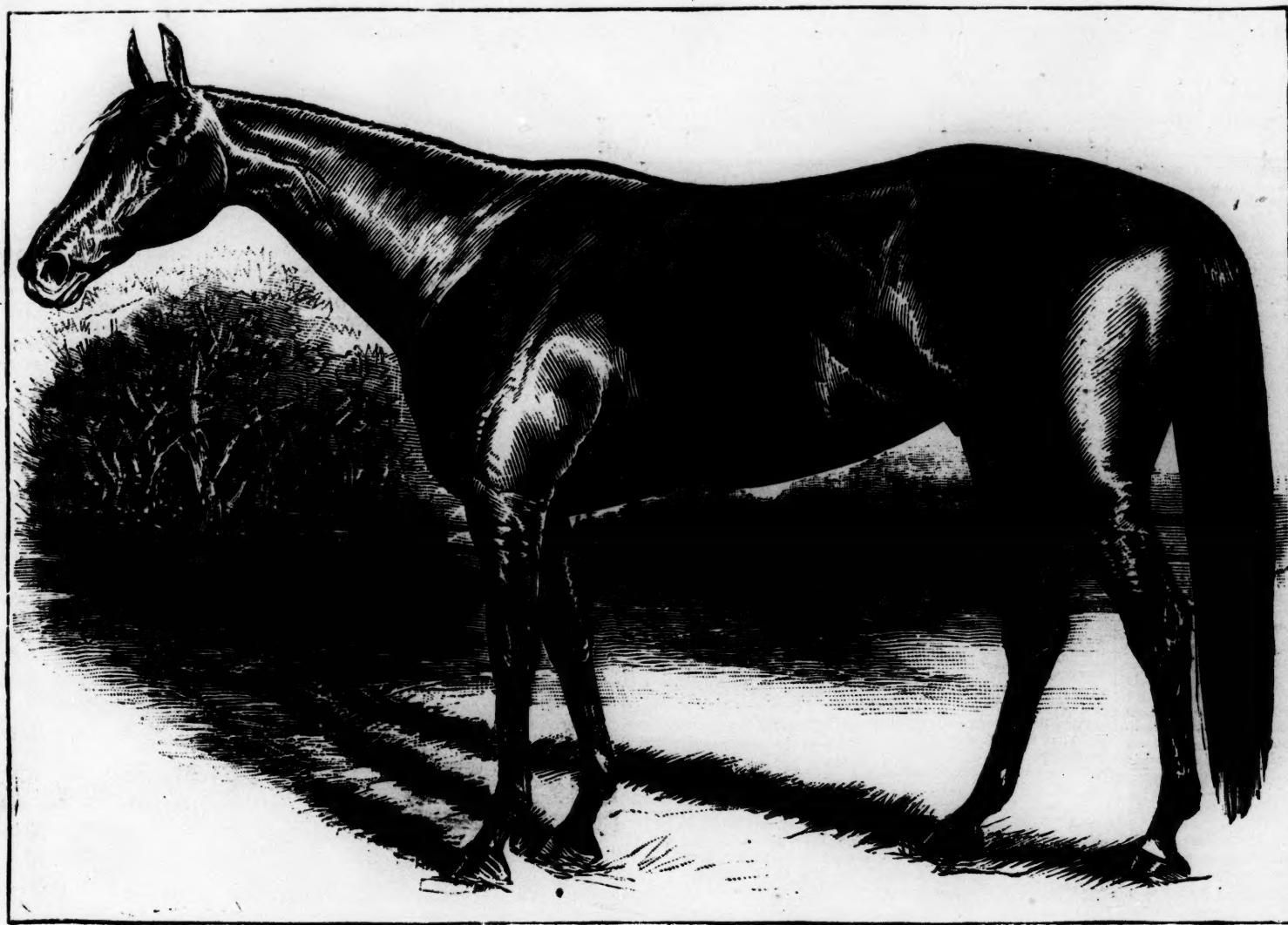
cerned, in any part of the union. Here the grass widows have lived all the year round, their ranks being constantly added to by unhappy wives from New York. As the time advanced the colony increased until at present it numbers nearly two score of ladies, the majority of whose social connections are of the highest possible sort, and who are mainly attractive and handsome women. Admittance into this circle is difficult of attainment by men. It is an extremely exclusive set. Clergymen are eagerly welcomed, and the officers of the naval station at West Point have also the entree into the colony of unfortunate wives. It is said that a jollier, happier and more amusing lot of entertainers cannot be found than those who form this set at Newport. By September next a majority of the women would have come forward freed from the shackles of matrimony. Such, however, is not to be their fate, as the laws of the State have just been amended so that the three-year residence clause is a dead letter."

The wicked girls of New York have got such a bulge, it seems, that the ladies are seriously debating whether "gamey" manners and showy records do not pay best in the end after all. It is this feeling that makes tony society shiver to its marrow.

**A Chinese Leprosy Show.**

On July 20 information was received by Gen. Shaler, of the New York Health Board, accompanied by a strong remonstrance from the Chinese Consul, Owyand Ming, against the exhibition in New York city by Dr. C. C. O'Donnell, of San Francisco, of two bad cases of Chinese leprosy. A lookout will be kept by the sanitary authorities for Dr. O'Donnell, and if he advertises such an exhibition action may be taken on the consul's protest.

Dr. O'Donnell is a prominent member of the anti-Chinese party, and he started East last month with two repulsive Chinese lepers, which were to serve him in illustrating the dangers of contact with Chinamen, and the iniquity of those who favor Chinese immigration.



WESTMONT, THE PACER.

THE FAMOUS HORSE THAT HAS TOPPED THE PACING FIGURES WITH A RECORD OF 2:01 3 4.



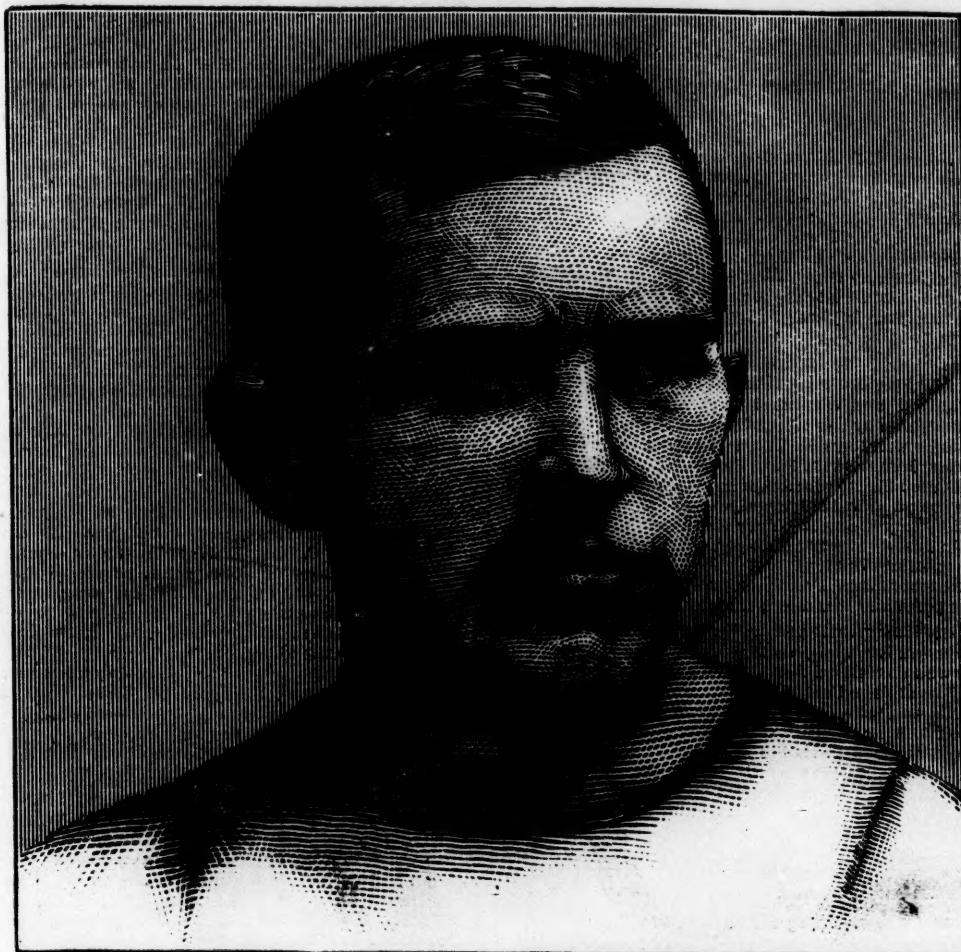
A NAIL DRIVEN IN HIS BRAIN.

AN IDIOT SON TORTURES AND KILLS HIS INVALID FATHER, AT SOUTH BALTIMORE, MD.



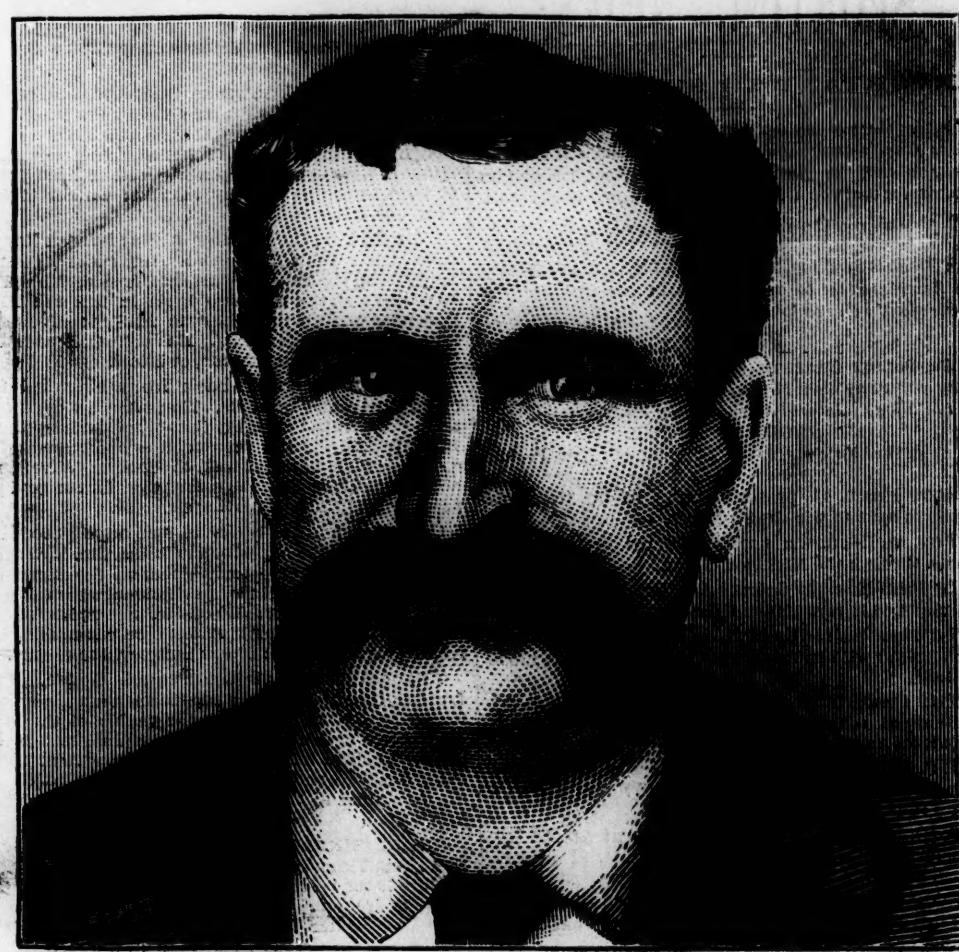
A STRUGGLE TO THE DEATH.

HOW TWO RIVALS HAD A DESPERATE MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER ON A RAPIDLY MOVING COAL TRAIN.



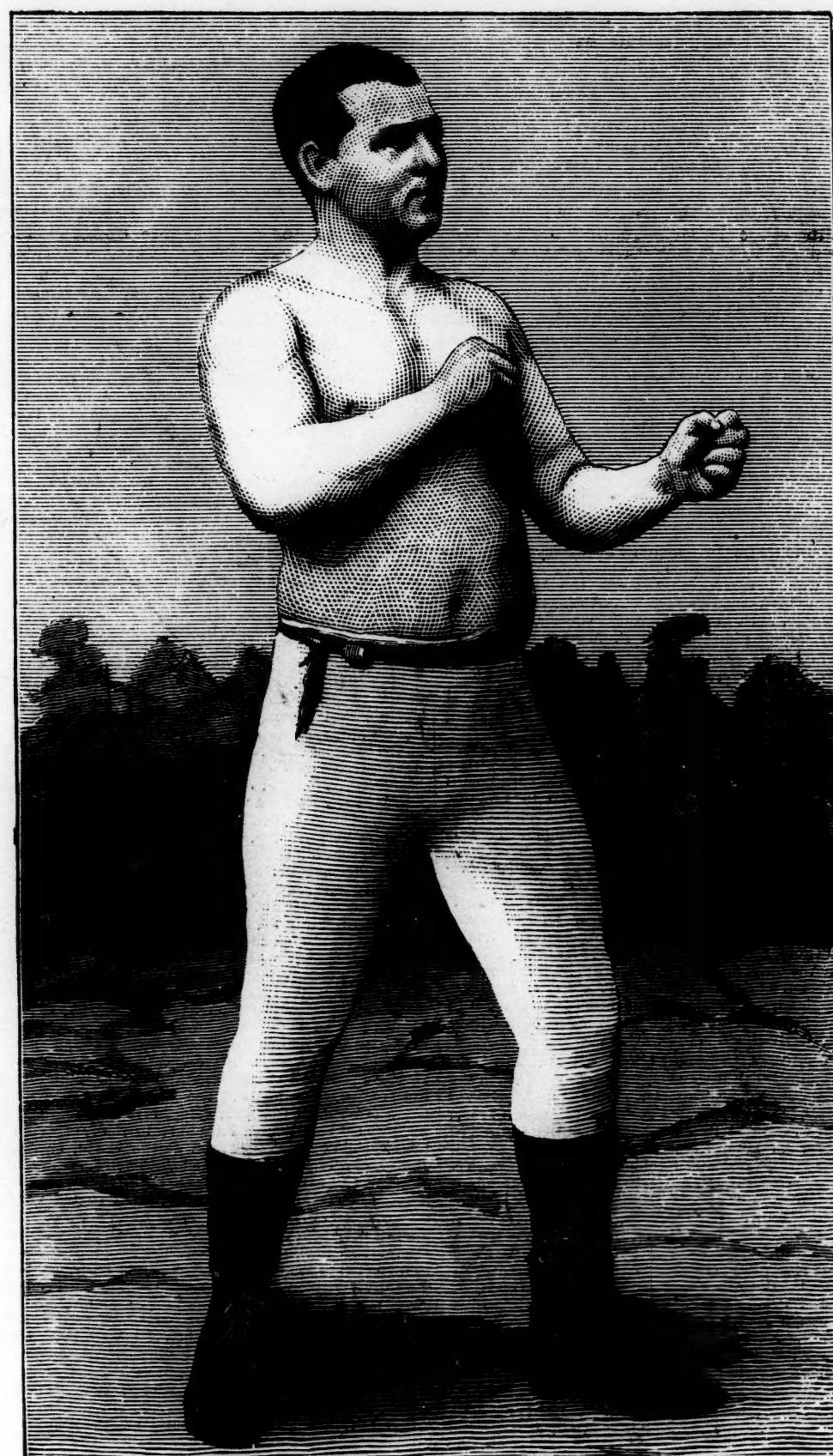
JOHN TEEMER,

THE GREAT SCULLER, OF M'KEESPORT, PA.



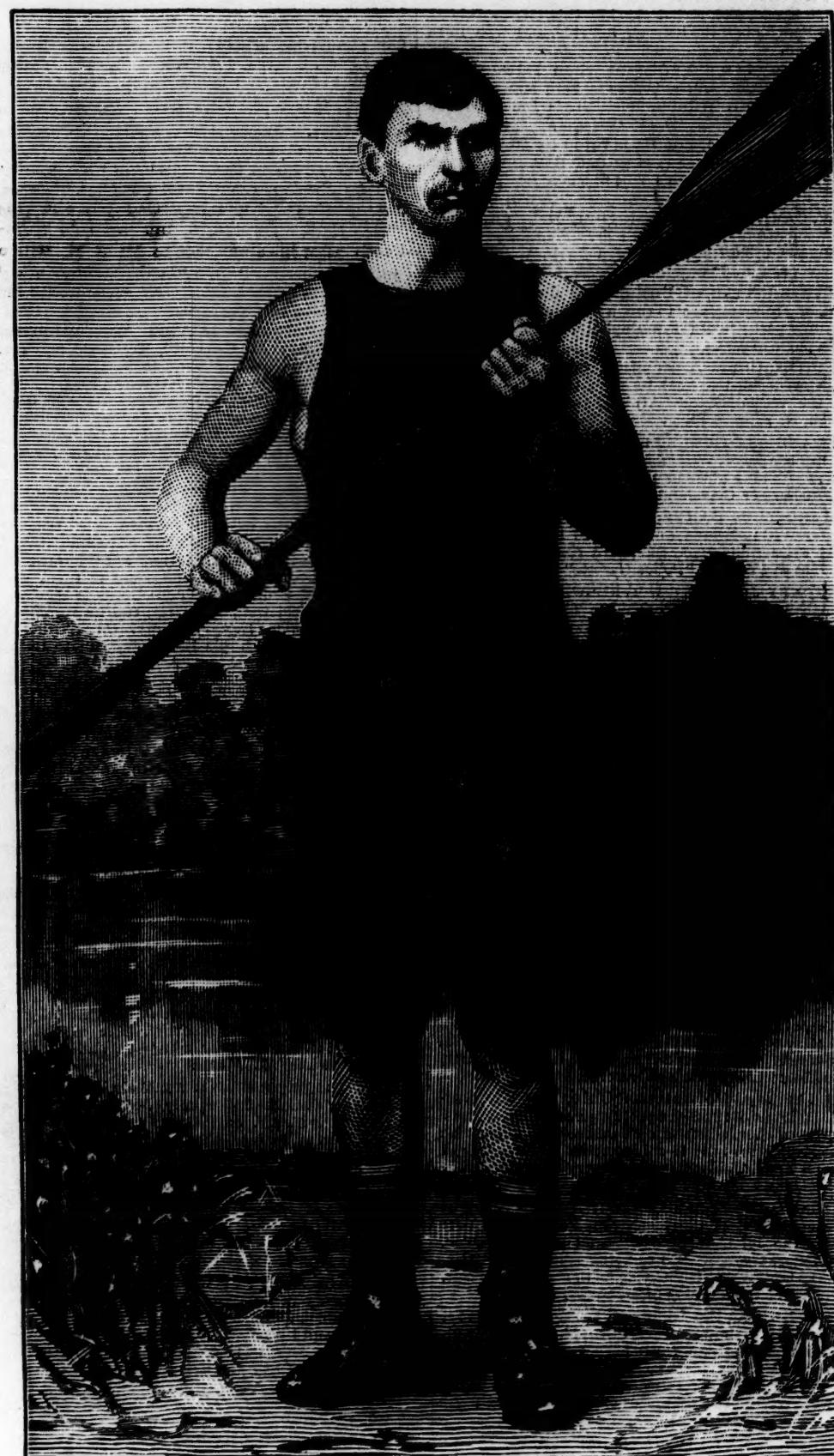
HENRY SIMONS,

THE ACCOMPLISHED TRAINER OF FAMOUS TROTTING-HORSES, OF LOUISVILLE, KY.



DENNY KELLEHER,

THE PROMISING YOUNG PUGILIST, OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.



ALBERT HAMM,

THE WELL-KNOWN OARSMAN.

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Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

SCOT FREE, at present, looks to be the best horse to back to win the St. Leger.

THE well-known trotter, Berlin, is travelling incog. through the Michigan circuit.

If John Teemer defeats Wallace Ross, he will be matched to row Edward Hanlan.

THE last half mile of Billy S.'s pacing exhibition (2:07 1/2) with running mate, at Chicago, was made in 1:02 1/2.

THE Eastern Archery Association will hold its annual tournament at Cranston's Hotel, West Point, on Aug. 7.

J. C. HATCH won the 5-mile amateur bicycle championship at Portland, Oregon, covering the distance in 18m 45s.

JOHN HOUHAN and James Grant are to try conclusions in a 3-mile run, for \$250 a side, at Beacon Park, Boston, Aug. 9.

JACK FORBES' brown gelding, Tom Rolf, can trot in 2:20. The Woodstock sport always has a fast runner or a fleet trotter in his stable.

ALDEN GOLDSMITH has sold the bay gelding, Driver, the hero of a hundred races, son of Volunteer, record 2:19 1/2, to Western parties for \$3,000 for road purposes.

MENTOR, the full brother to Monitor, who ran away at Jerome Park and injured himself, knocking down his hip, and was left there, has mended completely.

THE canine debate between Jupiter and Bess for it is said, \$500, was decided in this city on July 22, and Bess had all the logic on her side, and won in 1h and 15m.

THE day is not far distant when Edward and Swiveler's 2:16 1/2 will be beaten by both Maud S. and Aldine and Mr. William Rockfeller's Independence and Cleora.

THE bay mare, Zoe B., is rated by turfmen as the fastest trotter ever sired by Blue Bull. The mare was at Phil. Thompson's wheel when he trotted in 2:17 1/2 at Chicago.

W. CARROLL, of Wilmington, Del., and Jas. Dawson, of Philadelphia, will give another series of grand picnic sports at Schuetzen Park, Wilmington, on Aug. 12 and 13.

JAMES LITTLE, of Boston, and James O'Connell, of Holliston, are to run a half-mile race at the trotting park, South Framingham, Mass., on Aug. 2, for a purse of \$200.

THE National Association of Amateur Athletes has decided to hold its annual athletic meeting on the Williamsburg Athletic Grounds, Williamsburg, N. Y., on Sept. 27.

FRANK and running mate have been matched against the pacer. Westmont, and mate for \$2,500 a side, the race to take place in three weeks' time, probably at Pittsburgh or Cleveland.

MARCELLUS BAKER, the well-known pugilist, has arrived in Boston, and offers to bet that neither Billy Frazer nor Patsy Sheppard can stop or knock him out in 4 rounds, "Police Gazette" rules.

MICKEY JORDAN, a well-known sporting man of Albany, N. Y., has opened a first-class sporting house on the Troy Road, and calls it "The Champions' Rest." Mickey is a good fellow and well known.

THE eighth annual meeting of the National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders, for which \$25,000 in premiums is offered, will be held at the New York Driving Club's grounds on Sept. 9, 10 and 11.

IT is reported that George Kinney will have to retire from the turf. Kinney has made the fastest mile this year, carrying the top weight (111 lbs) in a field of six, including Strathspey, from post to post, in 1:43 1/2.

THE match race between the Willie, of the Hudson River Yacht Club, and the Torpedo, of the Jersey City Yacht Club, was won by the latter. Norman L. Rowe sailed the Willie, and Arthur Murphy the Torpedo.

ROOKES and England were matched on July 22 to box 4 three-minute rounds, at Irving Hall, on Aug. 13, the winner to get 60 per cent of the receipts and a share of \$500. Harry Hill backs England, and Harry Brooks finds the money for Rookes.

In a game at Portsmouth, Ohio, recently, Sullivan, pitcher of the Springfields, struck Clark, Portsmouth's pitcher, with the ball on the temple, and he lay senseless for fully 15 minutes, but recovered and took his first. The audience was very indignant over the accident, and a row was expected.

VICE-COMMODORE ALFRED DE CORDOVA will be in command of the American Yacht Club fleet during the forthcoming races and summer cruise. Commodore George S. Scott having sailed for Europe. Mr. De Cordova's steam yacht, the "Promise," will, therefore, be the flag-ship of the squadron.

JACK BURKE, the Irish Lad from over the sea, was tendered a show at Tarrytown, N. Y., on July 21, which attracted a large crowd of sporting men. Harry Webb had the management of the affair, and the result was the natives of the quiet hamlet on the Hudson were treated to a first-class exhibition of boxing.

AT the annual meeting of the Greenville, N. J., Athletic Club, the following officers were elected to serve until next July: President, O. M. Dunham; vice president, Paul Ligot; secretary, Wallace Vreeland; financial secretary, Edward Schulz; treasurer, A. Lembeck; captain, Charles Wood; lieutenant, A. Wilson.

WYNDAM WALDEN'S two year-old filly, Little Savage, by Sensation, who won races at Baltimore and

Monmouth Park, while cantering on the race-track at Saratoga, N. Y., July 20, fell and broke both fore-legs and had to be shot. Walden recently refused \$5,000 for her. It was the first of Sensation's get and was a very promising filly.

JAMES, better known as Sparrow Golden, the pugilist who, some time ago fought Pat Scullion, of Trenton, N. J., writes to us that he will make a match to fight Johnny Magee, of Philadelphia, to a finish, either in a hall or in private, with soft or hard gloves, or bare knuckles, for any amount: winner to take proceeds, if in a hall.

TOM FOLEY, the popular billiard-room keeper of Chicago, owns Will Colleider, the trotter, that on July 11 won the 2:35 class purse at Chicago, after Tom Rolf had won the first two heats in 2:22 and 2:22 1/2. Colleider won the third heat in 2:21 1/2, the fourth in 2:23 1/2, and the fifth in 2:27 1/2. It is said Colleider can trot away in seventeen, or better.

TOM EARLEY comes back from England full of gratitude and presents. He makes an additional tender of thanks to Jemmy Carney, of the Emporium, Birmingham, for the present of a handsome set of gold-mounted harness, and to Charles Wivell, the noted horse-dealer, of the same town, for the gold pin presented to him as a parting souvenir.

ON August 14 and 15, the two days preceding the opening of the exposition at Louisville, Ky., there will be a grand bicycle tournament on the exposition grounds. John S. Prince, professional champion of America; William M. Woodside, champion of Ireland; H. W. Higham, long-distance champion, and leading bicyclists from fifteen States will take part.

THE proprietor of the Pequot House, New London, Conn., will give a cup for schooners and a cup for sloops to be sailed for by the yachts of the New York Yacht Club at the time of the annual rendezvous of the squadron at New London, fixed for Aug. 2, the date, distance and conditions of the race to be arranged by and to the satisfaction of the New York Yacht Club.

JOHN BUNNELL, a soldier at Fort Hamilton, N. Y., and Timothy Wilson had a dispute at a picnic. On July 19 they met near the middle sally port of the fort to fight it out. There were more than a score of spectators. After fighting 5 hot rounds, in which the soldier received the most punishment, the sergeant of the guard with a file of men appeared. He placed Bunnell under arrest.

IN reply to the challenge of Edward Decker, of Fairfield, Vt., to wrestle John McMahon, the latter says: "In reply to Decker's challenge to wrestle me a match, best two out of three square back falls, collar-and-elbow, any time within three months, please allow me to state that I accept his challenge, and will be prepared to wrestle with him any time after Sept. 1 that he may name, with one week's notice."

THE Rapid Transit Athletic Club will hold its annual picnic and games at Sulzer's Harlem River Park, this city, Friday, Sept. 12. The following are the events: One hundred-yard run, handicap; half-mile run, handicap; 2-mile run, special, open to all employees of elevated roads; 1-mile walk; 1-mile run; 1-hour go-as-you-please, open to all comers. Prizes will be given for first and second places.

J. I. CASE holds three of a kind hard to beat, viz.: Jay-Eye-See, record, 2:10 1/2; Phallas, the champion stallion, 2:13 1/2; and Gurgie, a pacer, who lately got a record of 2:20 1/2. Besides the stallion championship, and trotting the fastest fourth beat on record, Phallas won an additional distinction at Chicago by putting together the three fastest consecutive heats—2:15, 2:16 1/2, 2:13 1/2, average 2:15 5-12—ever trotted in a race with other horses.

THE Narragansett Driving Association has arranged with W. H. Crawford, Mr. Case's manager, to trot Jay-Eye-See and Phallas to beat their records on Wednesday, July 30. The Narragansett track is certainly one of the fastest in the country, and if the two are in good condition on the day of the trial, we can reasonably look for the records to be beaten. It was on this course that Jay-Eye-See made his five-year-old record of 2:10 1/2.

THE 6-day go-as-you-please race, which ended in Chicago on July 12, under the management of Dan O'Leary, closed in a fiasco. The score was: Panchot, 400; Vim, 446; Shock, 437; Krohne, 402; Gillis, 431. On the first day several of the starters left the track owing to a row over the score, and some of them were arrested for disorderly conduct. Burns is serving a term in the Bridewell, and Hart, the negro, was allowed 24 hours to leave the city. On Wednesday O'Leary had to guarantee \$500 to Panchot to induce him to stay on the track.

HERE'S something that should interest Harry James:

BOSTON, MASS., July 22.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR—If Harry James will come to Boston, I will fight him for gate money and all the outside bets he wants. In his defense mentions no city. I will accommodate any light weight that comes to Boston, or will go to New York at any time to spar for gate money.

BILLY FRAZIER,

Light-weight champion of New England.

THE wrestling match, catch-as-catch-can, best two in three falls for \$500, at Pasimie Park, Bellevue, on July 19, attracted 1,000 persons. The principals were Benny Jones, who weighed 118 lbs, and James Faulkner, who had to reduce his weight from 133 lbs to 125 lbs. Faulkner won the first fall in 14m. A dispute arose about the decision, when the referee left his post. Joe Acton was then appointed referee, and the match continued. Faulkner won the next fall, and was declared winner of the match. The contest was the most interesting ever witnessed, and both displayed great science and skill.

HALF the pugilists who send challenges to a newspaper, without first sending a deposit to show they mean business, only do so to advertise some liquor saloon or to see their names in public print. The POLICE GAZETTE is tired of publishing challenges of this kind. Now, if Jack Kelly, of Brooklyn, the pugilist who claims he has fought Alf Long and Jack McGee, means business, and will arrange a match to fight Jack Burke for \$1,000, let him post \$100 forfeit with any regular stakeholder, and then we will publish his challenge.

WM. MULDOON, the wrestler, made a small fortune during his wrestling tour. It is understood that in his match with Clarence Whistler the receipts were \$9,500, and that Fred Engelhardt, who managed the match, received \$1,800. Muldoon is greatly improved in appearance, and has gained much in flesh since he left New York. He intends arranging a wrestling match with Joe Acton, and one with Matsada Sorakichi, to take place in Madison Square Garden in September, both of which will create a furor in sporting circles.

LETTERS are lying at the POLICE GAZETTE office for the following: George Smith, runner; Al Smith, Wm. Stow; Miss Katie Stokes, J. C. Seymour, Miss Minnie Vernon, Harry Woodson, Samuel Anderson, L. Alanzopana, Mr. Calvis, Wm. Daly, owner of dog Ned; Frank Downie, Miss Annie Dunscombe,

Wm. Edwards, walker; James Faulkner, wrestler; Dick Garvin, Ed. Gates (2), Thos. King (2), George Lee, oarsman; George Lake, Mike McCooe, Wm. Muldoon (2), Michael McCarthy, Wm. Mantell, R. W. Meyer, Chas. Pringeton, Hugh Robinson (3), Jack Roan, June Rankin, Mlle. St. Quentin.

We have received the following: BOSTON, MASS., July 24. To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: SIR—Seeing repeated challenges in your paper to the effect that Arthur Chambers wants to back Jimmy Mitchell to spar any man in America weighing 122 lbs, I reply that I would like to spar Jimmy Mitchell in Philadelphia, and if arrangements can be made, I am willing any time to have four rounds, Queenberry rules, the winner to get 60 per cent, and the loser 40 of the receipts. My weight is 120 lbs.

Very respectfully,

JACK MITCHELL.

A LARGE crowd gathered at Bay Ridge, N. Y., on July 19 and witnessed some swimming races for prizes given by the Williamsburgh Athletic Club. The distance was 1 mile. The competitors were Charles Awley, James Swift, Isaac Sneedker, Frank Dumont and Caleb Frost. Sneedker got the best of the send-off and took a short lead, closely pursued by Dumont, who rapidly forged ahead. Then Sneedker went in front again and, swimming strongly, finished an easy winner in 42m. Dumont was second, Awley third and Swift fourth. Mr. Frost became exhausted at the half-mile point and was taken from the water.

THE international athletic meeting at Birmingham, Eng., on July 19, was a failure, although it was well advertised that L. E. Myers would run 1,000 yards, and the admission was put down to sixpence. Myers was placed on the scratch, and had to allow Snook 96 ft start. The American was unable to catch Snook, who won in 2m 13 1/2s. Myers' time for the full distance, 1,000 yards was 2m 16 1/2s, beating the English record by 2s. Myers has beaten this time, though, having run the distance in 2m 13s, in New York, S. 18, 1881. Frederick won the half-mile race in 2m 1 2/5s, and Murray won the 3-mile walk in 2m 48s, being only 20s behind Webster's famous record made at Southport, Aug. 14, 1880.

HERE'S something for runners to digest: BOSTON, MASS., July 24.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: SIR—We, the undersigned, will run any five men in the State of Connecticut any distance from 100 to 200 yards, for \$1,000 or more, the winners of three events out of the five to take the stakes. A reply through the POLICE GAZETTE will be attended to.

F. MCQUIGAN,  
E. CARLTON,  
W. MILLS,  
M. C. MURPHY,  
J. NELSON.

THE final arrangements have been made for the race and subsequent cruise of the American Yacht Club. The Cygnus, the fastest of the iron steamboats, will leave foot of East Twenty-third street at 8 A. M. on Aug. 7, the day of the race, with the members of the club, their guests, and the reporters. She will reach the starting-point, off Larchmont, at 10 A. M. After following the race the Cygnus will accompany the fleet to New London, where the first night out will be spent. An illumination of the yachts and a pyrotechnic display will be the feature of the evening. On the second day the fleet will go to Newport, where there will be rowing races between the members of the several crews.

ST. LOUIS is following Chicago, and the Jockey Club are to have a new track which will cover about eighty acres, taking in the half-mile track used in late years for the display of agricultural implements. A grand stand with a seating capacity of 20,000 will be built, also a club-house for the exclusive use of members, and stables for 1,500 horses. A grand boulevard will encircle the track, the interior of which will be provided with lakes to be used as water-jumps in steeplechases. An inside track will also be made. It is the intention of the board to commence work in a few days, and they expect to have the track and buildings, which will cost between \$250,000 and \$300,000, completed soon.

IRISH rifle-shooters were enjoying their annual outing at the Dollymount Ranges recently, and despite the fact that public interest in this form of sport has waned considerably since the International matches between Ireland and America, the affair, on the whole, must be pronounced a success. The Irish Eight Competition resulted in Messrs. Ganley, W. Rigby, J. Murphy, R. W. Barrett, John Rigby and Surgeon Major Hamilton all becoming entitled to shoot in the team which represents that country in the Elcho Shield competition at Wimbledon next month, and these gentlemen have the privilege of filling up the vacant places by such as they deem most worthy.

THE famous Ascot race cup which was won by Mr. James R. Keene's horse Foxhall in 1882, was removed from the seizure-room of the Custom-house recently to be shipped back to England. This is the trophy, it will be remembered, which Mr. Keene was not permitted to land by the Custom-house officers unless he would pay about \$1,100 in duties. The authorities had no power, it appears, to take cognizance of the fact that the great prize was not merchandise. It was of solid gold and was worth intrinsically, for old gold, about \$2,700. Mr. Keene naturally refused to pay the duty, and as a special grace he was accorded permission by Secretary Folger to ship the cup back to England, where Mr. Keene intends to place it in his stable as a monument of the wonders of the present protective tariff of the United States.

SIX THOUSAND persons were attracted to Conneaut Lake, near Meadville, Pa., on July 15, when the open sculler's race, 3 miles, with a turn, for prizes of \$300, \$200 and \$100, was decided. Single-scull race, first heat, resulted in John McKay coming in first, in 2m 47s; Al. Hamm second, James H. Riley third. George H. Hosmer and Sheldon did not finish. Second heat—John Teemer first, in 2m 49 1/2s; Gaudau second, in 2m 4s. Nick Layberger did not finish. Third heat—Peter Priddy first, in 2m 46s; James A. Ten Eyck second, in 2m 58s; George W. Weisgerber third by 1s; George W. Lee, 0; R. N. Hamm, 1. Final heat—Teemer first, Gaudau second, by two lengths. A. Hamm third by a length, McKay fourth, Ten Eyck fifth and Priddy sixth. The single-sculler consolation race was a consolation to James A. Ten Eyck, who was first, in 2m 38s; Peter Priddy second, close up; James A. Riley third, George H. Hosmer fourth; Nicholas Layberger fifth, George W. Lee sixth, and R. N. Hamm last.

THE Mississippi regatta races, held at Mobile, Ill., on July 17, 18 and 19, resulted as follows: Junior single-scull race—J. P. Donohue, Davenport, Iowa, first, in 14m 51s; J. F. Corbett, Pullman, second, in 15m 47s; John Kort, Chicago, and E. Baker, Galveston, did not finish. Senior single-sculls—Frank J. Mumford, Perseverance Club, New Orleans, first, in 13m 55s; J. P. Donohue, Davenport, second, easily beaten. Junior double-scull shell—Delaware Boat Club, Chicago, first, in 13m 32s; Modoc Rowing Club,

St. Louis, second; Davenport Boat Club did not finish. Senior double-sculls—Delaware, Chicago, first, in 12m 40s; Farragut, Chicago, second, Davenport third and Sylvan fourth. Junior pair-oared shells—Burlington first, in 15m 58

## ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

AYER & SON'S MANUAL gives full the information needed to make a judicious selection of papers for any newspaper advertising. It contains also many very advantageous special offers. Sent on receipt of *Fee* *Costs*. Address N. W. AYER & SON, Advertising Agents, *Times* Building, Philadelphia.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

In future the columns of the *GAZETTE* will close on Thursday in lieu of Friday as heretofore. Subscribers will please send copy in by Thursday morning of each week to insure prompt insertion for current number.

RICHARD K. FOX,

Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

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Racy—Ten Beautifully Illustrated Fancy Cards, with the following "Poetic" verse, entitled "Under the Garden Wall," "The Keyhole in the Door," Emma's letter to her Lady Friend, describing Her Marriage Night, "Hints to Young Ladies Learning the Machine," "Parlor Scene at 12 P. M.," and five (5) others equally rich. Sent by mail for 50c. Address N. Y. Book Co., 88 Nassau Street, N. Y.

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